



ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU

VAMPI
#17
JUNE 1972

VAMPIRELLA

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC 755

**TWO STAR-CROSSED
LOVERS SEEK DEATH
IN THE TOMB OF
THE SLEEPER** Page 26

VAMPI'S FEARY TALES

OF ALL THE CRIMES AVAILABLE TO MAN, ONLY ONE IS INHIBITABLY FATAL--THE CRIME OF **WARRORS**. ARAGONE'S AGAINST THE GODS! TAKE FOR INSTANCE THIS STORY BY THE LATE POST DVD!

THE STORY OF ARAGINE

THE GRAND WEAVER OF MOUNT OSMIRUS WAS THE GODDESS ANIRRA. JUSTLY PROUD OF THE EXQUISITE GARMENTS SHE WOVE FOR THE GODS!

BUT WHEN SHE HEARD OF A MORTAL PEASANT GIRL NAMED "ARAGINE" WHO BOASTED OF EQUAL SKILL WITH A LOOM, ANIRRA'S PRIDE TURNED TO OUTRAGE AND SHE CHALLENGED THE GIRL TO A CONTEST!

WHEN ARAGINE'S WORK PROVED TO BE EQUAL TO THAT OF THE GODDESS HERSELF, ANIRRA RABBIT HER, SANGALU!

ARAGINE, SHAMED AND ANGRY, TOOK HER OWN LIFE; BUT ANIRRA REPENTED OF HER ACTIONS AND SPRINKLED ARAGINE'S DEAD BODY WITH A MAGIC LIQUID. THE LIQUID RETURNED ARAGINE TO LIFE, BUT IN A DRAMATICALLY ALTERED FORM!

ARAGINE RETAINED HER SKILL AT WEAVING AND FOUNDED A TYPE OF CREATURE WE'RE ALL TOO FAMILIAR WITH TODAY--THE ARACHNIDS, OR **SANGALS!**



VAMPIRELLA

NO. 17
JUNE
1972

EDITOR and PUBLISHER: James Warren

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: J. E. Cochran

COVER: Enrich

ARTISTS THIS ISSUE: Aureleon, Jose M. Bea, Luis Garcia, Jose Gonzalez, Jerry Grandenetti, Esteban Morala, L. M. Roca

WRITERS THIS ISSUE: T. Casey Brennan, Mike Jennings, Esteban Morala, Douglas Moench, Steve Skates, Jan S. Stried

CONTENTS

SCARLET LETTERS

"Poor old VAMPIRELLA is just a figurehead for your male chauvinist plans," writes a reader who calls herself Paty. Plus a letter from Don McGregor. ... 4

BWARE, DREAMERS!

The continuing adventures of VAMPIRELLA as she and Adam find themselves deep in the Florida Everglades, under the watchful eye of the God Chaos! ... 6

HORUS

A classic tale of Egyptian God and Goddess in a battle to the end with the mysterious Sleeper. Pray you do not awaken him who sleeps in death. 26

DEATH IN THE SHADOWS

Poor Melissa! She tried desperately to warn them, keep them from danger. Yet, they put her away, told her she was insane, that there was no hope. 34

A MAN'S WORLD

Follow ace reporter Leon Campbell as he searches for the crazed highway killer, only to find himself hopelessly caught in the viper's midst. 42

LOVER OF THE BAYOU

Pretty little Lanora, so young and alive. Why should she pay any mind to all these silly stories of the lover who stalks the darkened swamps? 50

VAMPI'S FLAMES

Profile of artist Aureleon plus a host of fan page chillers like "The Last Room" about a futuristic society that maims criminal offenders. 66

THE WEDDING RING

And with this ring, I thee wed. This ring become an ever-lightening noose around the neck of Roger Morris, an old flame come to re-ignite. 68



PAGE 11



PAGE 35



PAGE 67



PAGE 72

VAMPIRELLA NO. 17, PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY WITH AN ADDITIONAL SPECIAL ISSUE IN SEPTEMBER, BY WARREN PUBLISHING CO. PRICE 75¢ PER COPY, SUBSCRIPTION PRICE 7 ISSUES INCLUDING SEPTEMBER SPECIAL ISSUE FOR \$4.00 IN THE U.S. ELSEWHERE \$7.00. EDITORIAL & BUSINESS OFFICES AT 242 EAST 32ND STREET, N.Y., 10016. SECOND CLASS MAIL PRIVILEGE PENDING AT NEW YORK, N.Y., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. PRINTED IN U.S.A. ENTIRE CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1972 BY WARREN PUBLISHING CO. NOTHING MAY BE REPRODUCED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. CONTRIBUTIONS ARE INVITED PROVIDED THAT RETURN POSTAGE & ENVELOPE ARE ENCLOSED. OTHERWISE MATERIAL CANNOT BE RETURNED. SORRY, NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ACCEPTED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIAL.

VAMPIRE'S SCARLET LETTERS



I hope it isn't too important for one of those apostat typewriters to make a contradiction. It seems nearly impossible to believe that a charming, intelligent, indeed liberated young lady such as yourself would make the comments credited to you at the end of "Welcome to the Witches Cover" in VAMPIRELLA #15. (Author McGregor is referring to VAMPIRELLA's closing comments on his story, "Said VAMPI, "Jerry certainly is liberated now. She's learned that a woman's place is by the fire... in the kitchen, but isn't Madame Jerry was banished—ed.) I think both you and I know that the story wasn't meant to indicate that Jerry's place should necessarily be in the kitchen—but merely that organizations can often corrupt the individual's urbane rebellion. You don't think that one of those male chauvinists have infiltrated the dangero here, do you? Boy, you never know where they turn up next.

DONALD MCGREGOR
N. Kingsdown, R.A.

From the mouths of babes...

VAMPIRELLA is the finest horror magazine on the market today. VAMPIRELLA #15 was magnificent. Particularly enjoyed Luis Garcia's artwork on "Welcome to the Witches Cover." VAMPI should be more style conscious. She wears the same clothing day after day. Usually, women like a change of attire.

JEROME HOLST
Philadelphia, Pa.

"Vampirella is a figurehead of male chauvinism!"

If Mr. Pendragon ever decides to give you up and get another assistant, I sure could use you in my act, as I'm a professional magician.

JIM MAGUS
Rochester, Mich.

Really liked "Isle of the Hades" in VAMPIRELLA #14.

JOHN DOLLARD
MS Shoals, AL

You probably won't publish my letter as I'm not very lucky when good things come along. I consider VAMPIRELLA, Gene and Creepy drookit. I like my time and enjoy them. Wish you had a fan club, VAMPI.

ROY MAREN
FL. Walton Beach, Fla.

Your wish has come true, Roy. The announcement's on page 5.

I've been a fan of yours since VAMPIRELLA #5. When are your posters coming out? I'm dying to get one. There ought to be buttons with your picture on them.

JOHN McCUTCHAN
Santa Monica, Ca.

There are, John.

Too much blood and gore in VAMPIRELLA. Why don't you try and write something besides horror? The world needs stories which inspire peace and love, not hatred and violence. Think peace.

MIKE AKONISH
New Orleans, La.

Having collected all fifteen issues of VAMPIRELLA, I've decided that the greatest problem with the magazine is the wily, incongruous combination of artwork between the covers. The overall quality of the art is far and away superior to anything I've seen elsewhere and it's steadily improving. Garcia's work is beautiful and shows great promise. Gonzalez has made VAMPI the most righteously sexy heroine anywhere in the comic world.

BOB BARBITT
Granada Hills, Ca.

Luis Garcia's artwork on "Welcome to the Witches Cover" in VAMPIRELLA #15 was excellent even if the story wasn't.

JOE ST. LAWRENCE
Norwalk, Ct.

I really dig your magazine. Fantastic plots and story lines. So what's my complaint? Have VAMPI square off against more feminine adversaries like Wilma, the tragic warrent from "Isle of the Hades" in VAMPIRELLA #14. VAMPI should tackle more mainstream manstresses like herself. Dig!

CLAUDE YORGA
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Someshow I don't really believe you're Count Yorga.

Jose Bea's artwork on "Queering Shadows" in VAMPIRELLA #15 was splendid. The end of the story really surprised me. I never figured Jason for the murderer.

PATRICIA ARBINANTI
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

I used to think you were a plain, everyday vampire until I read "The Resurrection of Papa Voudou" in VAMPIRELLA #15. You're groovy, VAMPI.

RICHARD POLLARO
Farmville, Va.

It's about time Hammer Films made a film about you, VAMPIRELLA. They have the perfect actors to do your story. Ingrid Pitt not only looks exactly like you, she is also quite experienced as a vampire. She played Carnilla in "The Vampire Lovers" and the title role in "Countess Dracula," both of which are Hammer Films. Peter Cushing would make a great Voe Heising because he's made the part famous. If Hammer Films passes up your story, I suggest you bite them all on the neck for me.

SAM IRVIN
Asheville, N.C.



Hammer Films' starlet Ingrid Pitt would make a perfect VAMPIRELLA. So says Asheville, N.C. reader SAM IRVIN.

Glad you finally got your stars in a corner. (See VAMPIRELLA #15, pages 48 to 50—ed.) Keep Luis Garcia doing art. Glad to hear there's a poster of you coming out. You're the greatest!

JIM DOWNIE
Guelph, Canada

Couldn't resist picking up a copy of VAMPIRELLA #15 with that fantastic cover by Sanjivan. Not only was the cover great, so was VAMPI's continuing story. Richard Corben's work on VAMPI's Fairy Tales was very interesting.

R. J. TIMMERMAN
Farmart, Neb.

Alright! That does it! We mean that it's no wonder we have a bad reputation with stories like that going down. What am I referring to? "Welcome to the Witches Cover" in VAMPIRELLA #15. That's what! (The art was terrific! Compliments to Luis Garcia!) However! Witches have better things to do with men than chow them up! That's just an other lousy piece of propaganda. Stop propagating it! You'd think VAMPI, being persecuted, as she is, would "CHUCK" at the wrongness of that story, but I forget. The poor old gal is just a figure (so to speak) held for your male chauvinist utterances! Snort!

PATY
Walker Valley, N.Y.

VAMPIRELLA #15 was just fab! My favorite story was "Queering Shadows." Bea's artwork was great and Doug Moerchi's script was fantastic. Next to that I liked "The Resurrection of Papa Voudou." Great plot!

PAUL OUELLETTE
Hudson, Mass.

VAMPIRELLA #15 is the greatest! Especially liked "Wolf Hunt." Marotta's art was beautiful! Posters!

STEPHEN SABOLCSAY
Queens, N.Y.

Just saw VAMPIRELLA #15 and all I have to say is that you're going, going, going—and if you print another issue like that you'll be gone! The only good thing was Sanjivan's cover and "The Resurrection of Papa Voudou." Also enjoyed "A House is not a Home." Why not run some Science Fiction?

MARK HOFFMAN
Serranole, Fla.

“Can't wait to see how the Van Helings handle Dracula or vice versa!”

Was shocked and delighted by **VAMPIRELLA #15**. Let me start off by saying I've never written to a comic magazine before. You were just the information I needed. This was a landmark issue. It represents the best artwork yet from Jose Gonzalez. His art seems to get better each issue. Only one thing bugs (sorry, but) me. Your adventures are beginning to look as if they were scripted by Bram Stoker (author of "Dracula"—ed.). What with the Van Helings and now the good, or bad Count himself in the plot. Oh well. Glad you won a Warren Award!

JAMIE CRUZ
Valley Stream, N.Y.

VAMPIRELLA #15 had some great stock material. Meta from **VAMPI'S Feary Tales** was kinky. Can't wait to see how the Van Helings handle the Count (or vice versa). It'll be wild.

ROBERT GRINDSTAFF
Wes, Va.

I was reading **VAMPI'S Scarlet Letters** in **VAMPIRELLA #16** when I hit the letter written by L. F. somebody (L. F. who gave only his initials wrote that **VAMPIRELLA** has been converted from a horror comic "to one filled with love stories and fairy tales"—ed.). Wow, has that guy tipped somebody ought to tell him that a touch of sense adds more excitement to a horror story!

BONNIE BLACK
Bedfordtown, Fl.

I MILLION READERS CAN'T BE WRONG! ...THEY ALL ASKED FOR A



VAMPIRE

SEE PAGE 8!

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY

"QUAVERING SHADOWS"



Chicago newspaperman Douglas Moench comments on his reasons for writing "Quavering Shadows."

"Quavering Shadows" grew out of the obvious and the esoteric. First the obvious: To make some \$\$\$ which would utilize the comic strip medium in an attempt to frighten readers, all in the spirit of what benevolent psychiatrists might term "psychological relief catharsis." In other words, it does your ugliest, most loathsome good to be scared spittleless once in a while.

And the esoteric: I wanted to do something but a little oblique, not necessarily innovative if you please, but something distinctive at least and unique within its own parameters at best. My outlook is too subjective to determine my degree of success—and Jose Bea's fine rendering further obscured the judgment. O. e., was it he or me who "made" the story what it was? The answer, of course, is that it was both of us, working in close, if disparate, union.

Synonym is a ten-dollar word most appropriate to those circles which deal in terms of pedantic circumlocution, but it's still a good word, precise in its definition and a time-saver in consideration of communicative expediency. It means (and this is without consulting the dictionary, so a bit of my individualized interpretation may creep in): A combination of two elements to form a synonym which is more effective than either of the two components by themselves. Something like a "greater than the sum of its parts" formula. So how does that specifically relate to "Quavering Shadows"? Well, the story was presented in the form of a comic strip (or, if you will, graphic story) and all comic strips, inherent quality aside, are synonyms.

(Continued on page 67)

It's really a pity I discovered **VAMPIRELLA** so late! My first issue was #14, "Isle of the Hysteress" was like Wow! You sure gave those werewolves the works.

RICHARD MARTINS
Livittown, Puerto Rico

You really ought to call the **VAMPI'S FLAMES** section **VAMPIRELLA FANS CLUB**. It's glad when your posters come out.

WAYNE HIGHMAN
Delmar, Md.

Wish you'd add some more horror and Science Fiction in **VAMPIRELLA**. Gonzalez' artwork in **VAMPIRELLA** is the best I've seen him do yet.

PAUL VESPHAGNI
Columbus, Ohio

Your encounter with Page Youdon in **VAMPIRELLA #15** ("The Resurrection of Page Youdon"—ed.) was my favor to its story, "Welcome to the Witches Cover" was my second favorite. One thing I'd really like to see in the future would be pocket book novels of all the **VAMPIRELLA** stories. Your adventures would also make a great film.

TIM HAMMILL
Richmond, Canada

VAMPIRELLA #15 was quite excellent. Senajan's covers are tremendous. It's simply astonishing the way Gonzalez draws **VAMPIRELLA**. Can't wait for next issue to see Count Dracula again.

RICHARD CHARRON
Templeton, Canada

This is the first time I've ever written to any magazine. **VAMPIRELLA #15** was a true work of art. You don't have to worry about any competition from Creasy and Eerie. They're a couple of losers anyway.

MICHAEL MARSHLE
Deerwood Springs, Ky.

"Quavering Shadows" in **VAMPIRELLA #15** is a true classic. The story thing about the story that blew my mind was the middle panel on p. 35. Truly far-out artwork by Jose Bea! "A House is not a Home" was somewhat cheap but "Welcome to the Witches Cover" was excellent.

D. K.
Redwood City, Ca.

Since ordering a heap of your back issues, I've become a dyed-in-the-wool **VAMPIRELLA** fan! Preises galore to Wally Wood, Jose Gonzalez, Archie Goodwin and Frank Frazetta!

JEFF GAINFORMAGGIO
San Diego, Ca.

In which issue of Eerie, Creasy and **VAMPIRELLA** has the character Amazezla appeared I've got to know to complete my collection. (Eerie #27 and **VAMPIRELLA #8 & 12**—ed.) I'd really like to express my appreciation to all concerned with the production of **VAMPIRELLA** as it is an extremely entertaining, intelligent and well-drawn magazine.

WILLIAM KILPATRICK
Columbia, S.C.

I love **VAMPIRELLA**. My favorite stories are **Sword & Sorcery** and **Science Fiction**. Good luck with Adam Van Helung, **VAMPI**.

STUART MASON
Roveland, Ohio

Tell **VAMPIRELLA** she's really beautiful!

LOREN OLSON
Hillsboro, Oregon

BATS IN YOUR BELFRY? Tell **VAMPIRELLA** all about it! As head bat, she keeps reports on all the other bats around!

Addresses all letters to

SCARLET LETTERS

c/o Warner Publishing Co.
145 East 27th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

SOMEWHERE, DEEP IN THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES, A MAN'S MIND SCREAMS OUT IN LETTER ABONY! NO HERE HUMAN COULD HEAR, THOSE CRIES! ONLY A WOMAN FROM THE STARS! AND NOW SHE DOES HEAR, AND SHE COMES...

VAMPIRELLA

FRANKLY VAMPIRELLA, I FAIL TO SEE THE WISDOM IN THIS FIRST WE NARROWLY ESCAPE DROWNING IN AN ICY ALPINE LAKE! THEN, WITH LUCK ON OUR SIDE, A POLICE BOAT INVESTIGATING THE EXPLOSION** PICKS US UP, AND WE RY BACK TO COTE DE SOLERIL TO REJOIN ADAM-YOU, I, AND DR. VAN HELSING! SUDDENLY, WITH POOR ADAM BARSLY OVER HIS GUNSHOT WOUNDS** YOU CHARTER A PLANE TO *FLORIDA* AND LEAD US INTO THIS DEADLY SWAMP ON A HUNCK!

IT'S MORE THAN A HUNCH, PENDING! IT'S A SCREAMING IN MY MIND -- THE SCREAMING OF SOMEONE IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE *CULT OF CHAOS!*

AND YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT ME - EITHER, OF YOU! I'M FULLY RECOVERED NOW, AND MORE THAN WILLING TO AID VAMPIRELLA IN HER BATTLE AGAINST THE FORCES OF CHAOS!

*THE DESTRUCTION OF CASTLE MORDANTE. SEE "AND BE A BRIDE OF CHAOS" - VAMPIRELLA #16
**SUFFERED AT THE HANDS OF THE CUSTOD COTE DE SOLERIL. SECRET POLICE. SEE VAMPIRELLA #13

SUDDENLY...

"IT'S CLOSER! CLOSER STILL--
THE MAN WHOSE WIND SCREAMS
OUT TO ME! WHAT STRANGE
LINKAGE DO I HAVE WITH THE
COMPASSION OF CHAOS THAT
I AM DRAWN TO THEM THIS
WAY? BUT NO MATTER--
ADAM, ROW US TO THAT
SHORE! WE WILL GO THE
REST OF THE JURY ON FOOT!

THE
EMANATIONS
GROW STRONGER!
IT CAN'T BE MUCH
FARTHER!

LET US
MOVE! IT WILL
NOT BE MUCH
FARTHER! I FEAR
THIS OUTRAGE
SOMEWHAT LESS
THAN
PLEASANT!

GOOD
LORD!

MEANWHILE, IN CÔTE DE SOREL, IN THE HOME
OF THE MAN HELSING'S FRIEND, PAUL GIRAUD--

THERE!

IT WAS VERY DECENT OF YOU
TO ALLOW ADAM TO STAY WITH YOU
WHILE HE RECOVERED, PAUL! I AM
SURE HE'LL BE READY TO TRAVEL
SOON! I MUST ADMIT I NEEDED A
BIT OF A REST MYSELF--AFTER
RETURNING FROM MY ORdeal
IN THE ALPS!

WHAT?
ADAM
IS GONE?!

IS
SOMETHING
WRONG?

YOU ARE WELCOME TO
STAY AS LONG AS YOU WISH
DR. VAN HELSING! BUT I
THOUGHT YOU KNEW--
YOUR SON LEFT WITH
RODRIGON AND THE GIRL
ONLY THIS MORNING!

NO, PAUL, I'M SURE
EVERYTHING WILL BE...
ALL RIGHT!

I MUST NOT TELL
HER! I **WANT** TO
TRUST WAMPRELLA... BUT
HOW CAN I? HOW CAN I
TRUST A CREATURE WHOSE
VERY INSTINCTS CALL HER TO
DRINK HUMAN BLOOD?
WHOSE INSTINCTS MAY SOMEDAY
LEAD HER TO KILL MY ONLY
SON, NO MATTER HOW MUCH
SHE LOVES HIM!

DR. VAN HELSING TANGLED WITH COUNT DRACULA IN "AND BE
A BIRD OF CHAOS" IN WAMPRELLA # 16. PAUL GIRAUD, SEEN IN
"THE RESURRECTION OF PAPA VOUDOU" -- WAMP # 15, IS AN
OLD COLLEGE FRIEND OF ADAM VAN HELSING.

BUT ADAM FACES *OTHER* DANGERS AS HE AND VAMPILLA, ALONG WITH PENDRAGON, APPROACH THE MYSTERIOUS PRISONER OF THE EVERGLADES...



THEN, THEY LOOK UPON THE FACE OF THE PRISONER...



AND IN THAT BRIEF MOMENT, ALL IS LOST! CAUGHT UP IN THE HYPONOTIC POWER OF THE PRISONER'S EYES, THE TRIO FIND THEMSELVES HURTLING THROUGH NOWHERE SINCE—AS THOUGH THEY HAD ENTERED THE VERY *CHARMS* OF THE CAPTIVE STRANGER'S DREAMS—SO TERRIFYINGLY REAL, THEY COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN SPANNED BY THE MAD, BARRISHED GOD, CHAOS, AND HIS SEVEN DEMON-SERVANTS ...



...BEWARE, DREAMERS!

BUT AT THAT SAME MOMENT, IN A SHABBY HOTEL ROOM
IN NEW YORK CITY...



A TWITCH OF THE FINGER AND A HELLSH VISION APPEARS BEFORE ERNE JOHNSON!

I WILL BEGIN BY SHOWING YOU THE FATE OF THOSE SO MAN AS TO BELIEVE THEY CAN OPPOSE US!

THIS MAN IS CALLED NORTO! CENTURIES AGO, HE BATTLED AGAINST US! AND FOR CENTURIES, WE HAVE HELD HIM PRISONER--ALLOWING HIM NOT EVEN THE LUXURY OF DREAM! WE HAVE BROUGHT HIM HERE FROM A DISTANT GALAXY--FOR A PURPOSE!

HE KNOWS YOUR TORTURE HERE IS THIS-- HE IS CONDEMNED TO ETERNAL SLEEP-- AND ETERNAL NIGHTMARES! HIS WORLD IS A WORLD OF ALL ENCOMPASSING FEAR-- AND SO IT SHALL ALWAYS BE! BUT ALL THIS IS NOT PARLEY FOR OUR OWN AMUSEMENT...

HE WAS BROUGHT HERE, YOU SEE, AS A TRIP! ANY UNWARY STRANGER WHO STUMBLED UPON HIM, AND WAS CURIOUS ENOUGH TO REMOVE HIS MASK-- WOULD BE HIMSELF DRAWN INTO NORTO'S NIGHTMARES! THOSE FOOLS ARE TRIPPED THERE EVERY NOW! SO IT WAS PLANNED BY CHANCE-- TO PROVIDE A TESTING GROUND FOR... DREAMSLAYER! YOU, ERNE JOHNSON, CAN PROVE OUR DREAMSLAYER, IF YOU ARE SKILLFUL! YOU SHALL WEAK KNEED ON EARTH IN THE NAME OF CHANCE-- BY KILLING OUR ENEMIES, EVEN AS THEY DREAM!

POWER, AT LAST!
I ACCEPT YOUR CHALLENGE!
I SHALL BE THE DREAMSLAYER!

VERY WELL, THEN!
YOU ARE CHOSEN! YOUR TEST WILL NOT BE AN EASY ONE! WITHIN NORTO'S NIGHTMARE-- YOU MUST FIND THE THREE STRANGERS AND KILL THEM!

BEWARE, DREAMSLAYER! I CAST YOU BODY AND SOUL INTO THE DREAMS OF THE PRISONER, NORTO!

BUT FOR WHIRELLA AND HER FRIENDS, NORTO'S DREAMS HAVE ALREADY BECOME REALITY...

WHIRELLA!
FORGIVE ME!
WHAT HAVE I DONE!

LOOK! WE'RE
NOT THE ONLY
HUMANS HERE!

THAT MAN IN THE
DISTANCE -- IT'S THE MAN
WE DISCOVERED IN THE
SANDBLAZES! THE MAN
WHOSE MYSTICAL EYES
DREW US HERE!

WELL, STRANGERS! NORTO GREETES
**YOU'Z SERVE THE CAUSE OF
CHAOS** -- THOUGH I HAVE NO WISH
TO! YOU SEE -- WHEN I WAS BROUGHT
HERE BY CHAOS, I KNEW I WAS TO
BECOME A TRAP TO ENSNARE UNWARY
MORTALS! BUT I WAS HELPLESS TO
RESIST! FORGIVE ME, MY NEW FOUND
FRIENDS! I ONLY WISH I COULD
UNDO WHAT CHAOS HAS DONE!

APOLOGIES ACCEPTED!
BUT -- WHO ARE YOU? WHERE
DO YOU COME FROM? AND
MORE IMPORTANTLY --
WHERE ARE WE?

ALL RIGHT, THEN!
THE DREAMS SEEM
COMPARATIVELY **CALM**
NOW, SO THERE IS THE FOR
ME TO TELL MY STORY!
WHEN THE UNIVERSE WAS
YOUNG, I BATTLED AGAINST
THE FORCES OF CHAOS!

I TRIED MISERABLY AND WAS IMPRISONED
ALONE ON A DESERT WORLD! THOUGH ALL
SEEMED LOST, STILL I PLOTTED MY FREEDOM
AND OF WAYS TO DEFEAT CHAOS!

THERE MUST BE A
WAY OUT! IF I KEEP
SEARCHING, I WILL FIND
IT! THERE IS A WEAK
POINT HERE, A THREAD
WHICH WILL ALLOW
ME FREEDOM!

BUT WHENEVER I TRIED, SAND STORMS BLEW
UP ABOUT ME. CHAOS KNEW I WAS SEARCHING
FOR A PATH TO FREEDOM AND CAUSED THE
SAND TO FLY UP ABOUT ME AS I SEARCHED...

NO WHY...
CAN'T SEE...
CAN'T GO
ON!

FOR CENTURIES THEN, I REMAINED A PRISONER OF THE SAND WORLD! I HAD ONLY THE MOST FEELING OF AWARENESS OF MY PAST AND MY FIGHT AGAINST CHAOS AND ALL WHO SERVE HIM! UNTIL-- AN APPARITION APPEARED BEFORE ME IN THE DUST...

AM I HALLUCINATING?
HAS SOMEONE FINALLY COME
TO SAVE ME, TAKE ME AWAY
FROM THIS CHAOS-
SPAWNED HELL?

SO, BEARING MY BURDEN AS I WAS HARDLY ABLE TO WALK
ANY LONGER, THE FIGURE CARRIED ME ACROSS ENDLESS
STRETCHES OF SAND, PROTECTING MY EYES WITH THE
HEAVY SLEEVES OF HIS CLOAK...

FREEDOM?
CAN I BET? BUT
CHAOS DOOMED
ME HERE...

AWAKEN, STRANGER! AWAKEN
AND RISE... PERHAPS, IF WE
STRIVE TOGETHER, WE WILL BOTH
BE FREE FOR I TOO SEARCH
FOR THE PATH FROM HELL...

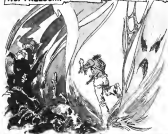
IT SEEMED AN ENDLESS JOURNEY BUT...

SO NOW, STRANGER, POOR
NORTO! HOW WERE YOU
TO KNOW THAT DEATH
HIMSELF CANNOT BE CALLED
FORTH TO SERVE THE MAD
GOD CHAOS? SO NOW
GENTLE WARRIOR,
**TRAITOR TO THE
CAUSE OF CHAOS!**

A PATH!
YOU HAVE FOUND
A PATH!

THE NEVER YOD! THE LAR OF CHAOS AND HIS SEVEN DEMON SERVANTS! THE GOD WHO PURSUUS ALL EVEN NOW! **THIS IS NOT FREEDOM!**

THERE WAS NO WAY TO ESCAPE... NO WAY TO BE FREE FOR, I WAS CAUGHT LIKE A FLY IN THE GREAT HAND OF CHAOS!



I WAS RECAPTURED, MY FRIENDS! MY NEWFOUND PUNISHMENT IS TO BE TRAPPED IN A WORLD OF NIGHTMARES FOREVER--AND TO UNWILLINGLY ENTRAP THOSE SO UNFORTUNATE AS TO APPROACH MY MORTAL BODY!

AND CHAOS CREATED ALL THIS-- MERELY TO PUNISH YOU!



YOUR STORY-- IT'S SO HORRIBLE!

NOT MERELY THAT! YOU SEE, I ABSORBED A GREAT DEAL OF PSYCHIC POWER IN MY TRAVEL THROUGH THE NETHER-VOID! CHAOS MUST EXERCISE CONTINUOUS CONTROL OVER ME... FOR THEY KNOW I WILL USE THAT POWER AGAINST THEM! GIVEN THE CHANCE

NO! NO! I AM SHAKILLAT! THESE ARE MY FRIENDS, PERHAPS MY ONLY FRIENDS ON THIS STRANGE CYCLOCYMIC WORLD--ADAM MAN HELING AND PENDRAGON. HE KNOW A GREAT DEAL ABOUT CHAOS! PERHAPS TOGETHER WE CAN POOL OUR KNOWLEDGE AND DISCOVER A WAY TO DEFEAT THEM!

SUDDENLY...



SPRRRRACK!
ALREADY CHAOS KNOWS OF OUR PLANS! HE SENDS THE VERY GROUND TO SEPARATE US!

TOO LATE!



NORTO! NORTO!
TAKE MY HAND!

NO, (VAMPRELLA!)
YOU'LL NEVER
MAKE IT!



WE'VE BEEN SEPARATED FROM
NORTO FOR THE TIME BEING --
PERHAPS WE'LL MEET UP WITH
HIM LATER! BUT FOR NOW --
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

IF WE STAY A MOMENT
LONGER, I FEAR WE
SHALL BE COOKED!



LOOK OUT!

**GARK!
GARK!**



OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO
KEEP MOVING! EVEN THE
MAD GOD CHAOS CAN BRB!
PERHAPS THERE IS A PLAIN IN
THE NIGHTMARE SOMEWHERE --
A PLACE WHERE WE CAN BE
SAFE FROM THIS HORROR --
WHERE WE CAN REST AND
RECONULATE
A PLAN!

THOUGH THERE IS NO DAY OR NIGHT IN THE NIGHTMARE
WORLD OF CHAOS, THE HOURS DO PASS! AND AT LAST,
WHEN FATIGUE AND DESPAIR HAVE ALL BUT OVERTAKEN
THE TWO...

AND MERCIFULLY, IN THE LAND OF NIGHTMARES, SLEEP COMES.



THERE! A CAVE!
IT'S OUR ONLY
HOPE!

(GASP)
I COULDN'T HAVE
TRAVELLED A STEP
FARTHER!



WHEN PITIFULLY FEW HOURS HAVE PASSED...

GARK! GARK! GARK!

WHAT?!
WHAT'S THAT?!

**GARK!
GARK!
GARK!**

PENDRAGON! IT'S ALL
RIGHT! IT'S JUST ONE OF
THOSE DAMNABLE BIRDS! IF
WE KEEP STILL, HE WON'T
FORCE US IN HERE!

I-I WAS DREAMING I
WAS BACK AT MY MAGIC ACT!
THE CROWD WAS CHEERING!
IT WAS WONDERFUL! THEN
THAT BIRD'S CRISIS AWAKE
ME! HOW STRANGE IT IS
TO SLEEP AND DREAM OF
REALITY- AND AWAKEN
TO A NIGHTMARE!

BE BRAVE,
PENDRAGON! WE
MAY NOT RETURN TO
THIS REALITY! WE HAVE
BATTLED THE FORCES
OF CHAOS BEFORE
AND WON!

PERHAPS,
VAMPRELLA! BUT
YOU HAVE NOT
YET BATTLED
DREAMSLAYER!

TASTE OF
MY POWER, YOU
POOR DOOMED
WRETCH!

THE DEATH-DEALING RAYS OF THE
DREAMSLAYER BURN THROUGH VAMPIRELLA...



(GASP)
NOT ENOUGH
STRENGTH LEFT TO
ASSUME MY BAT
FORM! ONLY ONE
CHANCE...



LOOK--
INTO--MY
EYES--



NON--
TURN YOUR HANDS--
TURN THEM AROUND--
POINT THEM--



TOWARD
YOURSELF!

MY HANDS!
I CAN'T CONTROL
THEM! THEY'RE
TURNING ON ME!

YAAAAAH!

THE GIRL SHE'S
MORE POWERFUL THAN
I THOUGHT! I MUST HAVE
TIME TO THINK THIS OVER!
AND SO--

STREAMS OF HELL-
BEARING ENERGY KNOCK
THE DREAMSLAYER
OFF HIS FEET!



I BID YOU
FOND FAREWELL,
VAMPIRELLA, FOR THE
TIME BEING! BUT WHEN
NEXT WE MEET, YOU
SHALL NOT BE SO
FORTUNATE!

A MAN WHO CALLS
HIMSELF DREAMSLAYER! ANOTHER
THREAT TO BE DEALT WITH, IN A
WORLD WHERE IN EVERY HOOK
AND CRAWL, THERE LURKS A
DEMON! DO YOU STILL THINK
THERE IS HOPE FOR US,
VAMPIRELLA?



I-- I DON'T KNOW!



BUT THERE IS NO TIME TO BROOD! HE MUST LEAVE HERE, AND QUICKLY! THIS DREAMSLAYER KNOWS OF THIS CAVE, AND WHEN HE RECOVERS HE WILL COME HERE LOOKING FOR US!



ADAM! HELP ME!

MUST FIGHT IT BACK! MUST FIGHT...

VAMPRELLA! WHAT'S WRONG?



THAT MEANS...

ADAM! THE SERUM I NEED! THE SERUM I TAKE TO KEEP ME ALIVE - INSTEAD OF HUMAN BLOOD! THERE IS NONE OF IT HERE AND IT'S BEEN MORE THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS SINCE MY LAST DOSE!



I MUST FEED!

WITH ONE TRAGIC BURST OF STRENGTH, VAMPRELLA FLEES...



NO! I WON'T LET IT HAPPEN! FORGIVE ME, ADAM! I MUST LEAVE YOU TO YOURSELVES! I AM A GREATER MENACE TO YOU NOW THAN EVEN THE DREAMSLAYER!

STAY! THERE MUST BE A WAY TO HELP YOU!

VAMPRELLA, WAIT! IN YOUR WEAKENED STATE, YOU'LL BE KILLED!

WHILE IN THE TORRID SKY ABOVE...



SO! THEY SEPARATE! GOOD - IT WILL BE EASIER TO KILL THEM THAT WAY! AND EVEN NOW, MY POWER REGENERATES ITSELF! HA HA!

AT LAST, FAR FROM HER, PRISONER, VAMPRELLA
CAN ENJOY NO MORE...

AND IN VAMPRELLA'S PAIN-WRACKED MIND,
ANOTHER DREAM IS BORN...

(GASP)
SO WEAK!
NEED BLOOD!

TRISTAN!
MY FIRST LOVE -
CAN IT BE YOU?

YES, VAMPRELLA!
IT IS I!

* TRISTAN WAS VAMPYR'S FIRST LOVE ON DRAGONLON. SEE THE
VAMPRELLA #72 ANNUAL - "THE ORIGIN OF VAMPRELLA"

I BRING YOU WATER,
FROM OUR HOME WORLD
OF DRAGONLON, VAMPRELLA!
THE SUBSTANCE THESE
EARTH PEOPLE KNOW
AS BLOOD!

TRISTAN! OH,
TRISTAN! (GASP) I
KNEW YOU WOULD
COME BACK TO ME!
(GASP) I KNEW YOU
WOULD HELP ME!

THEN, THE CRUEL REALITY OF
NIGHTMARE WORLD RETURNS...

WHAT FOOLISH
PRATTING IS THIS,
VAMPRELLA? ARE YOU
DEFEATED SO EASILY?
HAVE YOU TAKEN
REFUGE IN MADNESS?!

DREAMSLAYER!

NOW, FOR
THE GLORY OF
CHAOS -
YOU DIE!

KA-WHAM!

LIVING!

ADAM!
YOU MANAGED TO
FOLLOW ME!

THOUGH WE LACK YOUR
POWERS, DREAMSLAYER,
BATS FORCE CAN SOMETHING
BE A FORTIFIABLE DEFENSE!

QUICK!
LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE WHILE HE'S
STILL GROGGY!

YOU'LL
PAY FOR THIS
HUMILIATION!

WHEN THEY SEE THAT THE DREAMSLAYER DOES NOT
PURSUE THEM, THEY STOP TO REST...

IT'S NO USE,
ADAM! I CAN'T
GO ON! I'M
TOO WEAK!

THEN THERE
IS ONLY ONE ANSWER,
VAMPRELLA...

*YOU MUST DRINK
MY BLOOD!*

NO, ADAM! PLEASE,
DON'T TEMPT ME! THE
CRAVING - IT'S TOO
STRONG ALREADY!
ALMOST TOO STRONG
FOR ME TO
RESIST!

DON'T RESIST IT! YOU
NEED MY BLOOD! IT'S YOURS!
I GIVE IT TO YOU GLADLY!




DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?! IF I DRINK YOUR BLOOD, YOU'LL DIE!



THEN WHAT BETTER WAY TO DIE, THAN IN THE ARMS OF THE WOMAN I LOVE? NO MAN COULD ASK FOR A BETTER DEATH THAN THAT - YES, INDEED, I HAVE DIED SO PLEASANTLY!



ADAM! ADAM! IT'S TOO MUCH FOR ME! I CAN'T HOLD BACK ANY LONGER!



AND THE HEROINE BECOMES THE HUNTRESS ONCE AGAIN...

FOR A LONG, AGONIZED MOMENT, THEY LOOK IN THAT DEATH EMBRACE. TELL ADAM WHO HE LIVES HIS LIFE BLOOD FLOWS THROUGH HIS ARTERIES AND VEINS NO MORE! HE SLUMPS IN THE ARMS OF THE WOMAN HE LOVES...



OH, ADAM, FORGIVE ME! HOW COULD I HAVE DONE THIS TO YOU!

AND IT IS OVER...

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN THE WORLD OF THE LIVING, A BLIND MAN WHO HAD BEEN CALM ONLY MOMENTS AGO LEAPS TO HIS FEET...



ADAM! ADAM!
MY SON!

I NEVER SHOULD HAVE TRUSTED HER! I SHOULD HAVE REMEMBERED MY OATH AS A WARRIOR-- TO DESTROY ALL WAMPRESSES! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN SHE WOULD BE A WOMAN SECOND-- AND A WAMPRESS *FIRST!* ADAM, OH ADAM! IF I COULD HAVE BROUGHT MYSELF TO KILL HER BEFORE YOU WOULD BE ALIVE NOW! YOU WOULD HATE ME-- BUT YOU WOULD BE *ALIVE!*



THE WAMPRESS!
SHE'S KILLED YOU!
I KNOW IT! I CAN FEEL IT!



IF I ONLY
I COULD HAVE HELPED YOU! IF
ONLY I COULD HAVE SAVED YOU!



ENJOY THE BLOOD YOU HAVE TAKEN, WAMPRESS!-- WHEREVER YOU ARE! IT WILL NOT BE FOR LONG-- FOR, BEFORE YOU REAST ADAM-- I SWEAR-- YOU SHALL DIE!

AND IN THE NIGHTMARE WORLD, ANOTHER BEING SHOULD
OBSERVE WILHELM'S VOW - BUT FOR A DIFFERENT REASON...



NOW, VAMPIRELLA,
I SWEAR YOU
SHALL DIE!

VAMPIRELLA, LOOK!



I WILL FIGHT HIM,
PENGORAGON! BUT ONLY FOR
YOUR SAKE! I AM NOT WORTHY
TO LIVE, AFTER WHAT I
HAVE DONE!

DO YOUR
WORST! CHAOS
HAS INCREASED MY
POWERS A
THOUSANDFOLD! ONE
TOUCH OF MY DEATH-
RAYS WILL FINISH
YOU!

NORTO!



HA HA!

WHAT HAVE
I DONE?!

YOU GAVE UP
YOUR LIFE - TO
SAVE MINE!



FOOL! YOU HAVE
SLAIN *THE DREAMER!*
HE WHO WAS TO SUFFER FOR
ALL ETERNITY - YOU HAVE
SET HIM FREE! NOW YOU
WILL KNOW MY WRATH -
THE WRATH OF CHAOS!



NO, VAMPIRELLA,
NOT JUST FOR THAT REASON!
I LEARNED LONG AGO THAT
FREEDOM FOR ME - COULD
ONLY COME IN DEATH! AND
ONLY HE WHO SLAYS IN
DREAMS - THE DREAMSLAYER -
COULD HAVE BROKE
ME AWAY!



CHAOS!
NO! NO!
PLEASE!



NOW (GASP) IS MY CHANCE, VAMPIRELLA! EVEN WHEN I DIE, YOU WILL STILL BE TRAPPED HERE UNLESS I HELP YOU! CHAOS IS DISTRACTED WITH DREAMSLAYER NOW— HE IS NOT FOCUSING FULL CONTROL OVER ME! THAT MEANS (GASP) I CAN USE THE POWERS I ABSORBED IN THE NETHER-VOID WITHOUT HIS INTERFERENCE! I CAN SEND YOU BACK TO YOUR WORLD...



WITH ONE PURE BURST OF PSYCHIC ENERGY!



THEN...

WE'RE FREE! WE'RE BACK WHERE WE FOUND NORTO IN THE EVERGLADES!



NORTO—THE PRISONER—THE DREAMER—THE BEAST— HE TOO IS FREE! HE IS DEAD AT LAST!



AND YOU—ADAM! YOU DIED BY MY HAND! (SOB)

DON'T BLAME YOURSELF, VAMPIRELLA! THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY!

SUDDENLY...

PODRAGON,
LOOK! HE'S
ALIVE!

GNNNNH...

THE LAST THING I REMEMBER, IS
YOUR BITING MY NECK, BUT— BUT—

BUT THERE
ARE NO BITE
MARKS ON
YOUR
THROAT!

THEN EVERYTHING IS
ALL RIGHT, DARLING, I'M AS
FIT AS A FIDDLE—YOU
REALLY DID NOTHING
AT ALL TO ME!

NO! IT ISN'T
ALL RIGHT! HOW CAN
I EVER FORGET WHAT
I DID TO YOU IN THAT DREAM
WORLD! IT PROVES WHAT I'VE
FEARED ALL ALONG— THAT AT
HEART, I AM NOT A WOMAN,
BUT A HUNTRISS! AND IF
NEED BE (SOB), I WOULD
KILL YOU IN REAL LIFE
AS WELL!

SUDDENLY
I UNDERSTAND! THE
THINGS WE DID, THEY WERE
UNREAL, AS IN AN DREAM!
ONLY THE DREAMSLAYER HAD
THE POWER TO KILL IN THAT
NIGHTMARE WORLD! EVEN THE
DEMON BIRDS—THEY COULD
ONLY FRIGHTEN US, BUT NEVER
KILL US! THAT WAS NORTO'S
PUNISHMENT— TO DREAM ON
HORROR, NEVER TO DIE.
TILL DREAMSLAYER KILLED
HIM BY MISTAKE!

THERE, THERE!
SOON WE'LL BE OUT OF
HERE, AND YOU'LL HAVE
THE SERUM YOU NEED!
YOU'LL SEE THINGS
DIFFERENTLY THEN! BUT
TELL ME— WHAT
HAPPENED TO THE
DREAMSLAYER?

HE'S TRAPPED—
IN NORTO'S
NIGHTMARE!

PAUL, IN THE ISLAND REPUBLIC OF COTE DE SOUIL, ANOTHER MAN IS TRAPPED AS WELL! TRAPPED IN A SIGHTLESS WORLD OF FRUSTRATION AND DESPAIR! BUT CONRAD VAN HELSDON HAS A SIXTH SENSE WHICH KNOWS EVEN NOW...



ADAM! MY SON! I SEEM TO SENSE NOW THAT YOU'RE **ALIVE!** BUT HOW CAN THAT BE - WHEN I KNOW THAT SHE KILLED YOU - THE SHE-BAT, VAMPIRELLA!

A SHORT TIME LATER...



IT'S BEEN WONDERFULL STAYING WITH YOU, PAUL, BUT I MUST BE ON MY WAY NOW, TO REJOIN ADAM!

I, TOO, HAVE ENJOYED YOUR STAY, CONRAD! I HOPE YOU WILL RETURN SOME DAY TO COTE DE SOUIL!



YES (CHOKES) - I AM ON MY WAY TO REJOIN ADAM! FIRST I SENSED THAT VAMPIRELLA HAD KILLED HIM - THEN I DISCOVERED THAT HE LIVED! ADAM! THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE ANSWER TO ALL OF THIS...



SHE HAS TRANSFORMED YOU, ADAM! SHE HAS MADE YOU WHAT SHE IS -- A **VAMPIRE!** BUT DO NOT FEAR, MY SON, YOU SHALL NOT CARRY THE BURDEN OF THAT CURSE FOR LONG!



I AM COMING, ADAM! (CHOKES) AND I SHALL SET YOU FREE!

NEXT ISSUE: VAMPIRELLA LEARNS THAT "DRACULA STILL LIVES!"

HE FELT ALONE, INFINITELY ALONE
IT WAS AS IF HE HAD SLEPT
THROUGH ALL OF RECORDED TIME
THAT CORNER OF THE UNIVERSE
THAT FIRST SPANNED HIM WAS
UNKNOWN, NAMELESS, HE HAD
NOTHING, ONLY SOLITUDE, AND
THE ACHING MEMORY OF A GIRL,
HER WARMTH AND LOVE IN LIFE.
HE KNEW FOR CERTAIN THAT
THERE WAS NO WAY TO
PENETRATE THE DARKNESS,
NO WAY TO RETURN TO THE
LAND OF THE LIVING.



HORUS

TOMB OF THE GODS

ELSEWHERE, THE GUARDIANS OF THE DEAD TRUDGE FORWARD SLOWLY,
THE UNMOVING BODY OF A GIRL WITHIN THEIR SEPULCHRE.



I WILL NOT
SUBMIT TO
LOVING HIM!
SOONER DEATH
THAN LIFE
WITHOUT HIS
LOVE!



I WILL
PRETEND DEATH,
IF ONLY I CAN
DECEIVE THE BOAT-
MAN INTO THINKING
ME DEAD...HE WILL
CARRY ME TO THE HEAVEN
OF DEATH.



THERE I WILL MEET
HIM WHO I LOST IN
DEATH, MY LOVER
GONE FROM ME
FOREVER.





NEFER!
YOU'VE
COME!



I FOLLOWED YOU
THROUGH THE DARK-
NESS BECAUSE I COULD
NOT BE WITHOUT YOU,
MY LOVE. NOR DID
I WANT YOU TO
FORGET ME.

FORGET YOU, NEFER?
HOW COULD I?
WHERE IS THIS
PLACE? WHY DO I
FEEL SO STRANGE...
UNEARTHLY?

IT IS AS
THOUGH WE HAVE
AWAKENED FROM
A DREAM. THINK
NO MORE OF IT
NEFER IS WITH
YOU NOW.



WE HAVE BEEN HERE
FROM THE VERY
BEGINNING OF TIME.
THAT PLACE FROM
WHICH WE FIRST
CAME IS UNKNOWN.

WE ARE PART
OF THE PYRAMID,
MY LOVE, YOU AND
I... LIKE ALL THAT
SURROUND US.

BUT WHERE ARE
WE? I SEE ONLY
SOLITUDE AND
DARKNESS, AS IF
WE BREATHE
WITHIN THE
HELLSPAWN!



THEN...
ARE WE IN
A TOMB?

WHAT DOES
THAT MATTER?
WE ARE TOGETHER
EVEN IF IN
ETERNAL NIGHT.



BUT...
ARE WE
THEN
DEAD?

NO MY LOVE,
NOT WE.
IT IS **HE**
WHO IS THE
DEAD ONE.



NEFER,
YOU TROUBLE
ME. WHO IS
HE?

BELIEVED PERHAPS
WE ARE NO MORE
THAN IMAGES FROM
HIS DREAMS. YOU
HAVE ME IS THAT
NOT ENOUGH?



WHY ARE YOU SO LIKE
OTHER MEN? WHY ARE YOU
DRAWN TO THAT WHICH YOU
DO NOT UNDERSTAND?
STAND CLEAR OF THE
CHASM, MY LOVE.

THE TWO LOVERS PASS THROUGH THE SHADOWS OF THE DUST-LADEN PYRAMID IN SEARCH OF AN ANSWER.

I MUST SEE THE DEAD ONE! THE DANGER MATTERS NOTHING. I MUST KNOW WHY WE ARE IN THIS TOMB.

I WILL ACCOMPANY YOU BUT DO NOT AWAKEN HIM. HE MUST NOT BE AWAKENED!

THE GIRL NEFER PRECEDES HIM, HER STEP LIKE THAT OF THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

"GO SLOWLY, NEFER," HE WHISPERS, "WE APPROACH THE SEPULCHRE."



SUDDENLY, A GHOSTLY VOICE RINGS OUT, STARTLING THEM.



"WHO ARE YOU?" CALL TWO DEATHLY FIGURES ABOVE THEM. "WHAT IS IT THAT YOU WANT?"



HURRY AWAY, NEFER! I AM AFRAID. I DO NOT KNOW WHO THEY ARE BUT THEIR PRESENCE SPEAKS OF ILL OMEN!

THERE IS STILL TIME, MY LOVED ONE. LET US GO NO FURTHER. RETURN WITH ME AND ETERNITY WILL BE OURS.



BUT THE ABYSS OF TERROR ATTRACTS HIM.



A STRONG HEAVY
PERFUME GUIDES
THEIR STEPS, THE
PERFUME OF THE
DEAD.



THE VEIL OF
DARKNESS PARTS
AND THE TWO
ARE SILHOUETTED
IN AN ARC OF
LIGHT.



I AM HORUS,
GUARDIAN OF
THOSE WHO RETURN.
MOT WHY DO YOU
COME THIS WAY?



THE STRANGE,
BROODING EAGLE
FIGURE CONSIDERS
THE STAR-CROSSED
LOVERS IN SILENCE,
THEN SPEAKS AGAIN.

BEFORE THEM ON THE
TABLE LIES THE SLEEPER...

NO MATTER WHERE YOU
FIND YOURSELF, THE SAME
DOUBTS WOULD TROUBLE
YOU DO NOT QUESTION
WHAT IS NOT NECESSARY
FOR YOU TO KNOW.



YOU HAVE A
COMPANION, THERE
IS POOP BROUGHT BY
THE SERVANTS OF THE
SLEEPER, IT SHOULD BE
SUFFICIENT TO LAST
YOU ALL ETERNITY,
DO NOT SEEK MORE!



I WILL NOT
SUBMIT TO YOU!
WHY DID I
AWAKE WITHIN
THIS TOMB?
WHO IS THE
SLEEPER?




WHOSE
SLEEP DO
YOU GUARD
SO
JEALOUSLY?

AGAINST SLEEP
YOU CANNOT
STRUGGLE, AGAINST
DEATH IT IS
HOPELESS!



HORUS, HEAR ME! I COME TO
YOU KNOWING NOTHING OF MY
PAST OR FUTURE, WHY DID
THE GOD OSIRIS BRING ME TO
THE RESTING PLACE
OF THE DEAD IF
YOU ARE THEIR
GUARDIAN?





ALTER NOT TOMORROW FOR WHAT YOU SHARE TODAY! CLASP WHAT YOU HAVE, FRAIL BEINGS, AND DO NOT LET IT ESCAPE. HORUS HAS SPOKEN THE LAST TIME!




COME TAKE HEED OF HIS WISDOM. THERE WAS A TREMOR OF DEATH IN HIS VOICE. LET US NOT PROVOKE THAT.



DRINK IN THE MOONLIGHT, LOVERS. THE MOONLIGHT THAT KNOWS NOT TIME OR PLACE BREATHE THE PERFUME WHILE YOU STILL CAN. FEAST OF LIFE FOR THE FLOWER WITHERS ALL TOO SOON...



LET US DROWN OUR DOUBTS IN LOVE. WHO KNOWS WHAT TOMORROW BRINGS?



THE LOVERS SIT IN QUIET, TOGETHER AND ALIVE...



I DON'T KNOW. LET US WAIT, NEVER... AND YET.



AND NOW...? WHAT NEXT?





IT IS LATER AND HE LAYS
SHROUDED IN DARKNESS.
NEFER IS GONE HE PUSHES
HIMSELF FORWARD IN
SEARCH OF HER ONLY TO
FIND SHADONIC



NEFER!!

STUNG BY THE BRUTAL
LOSS OF HIS LOVE HE
DROWNS THE TERROR
WITHIN AND HURRIES
FORWARD.



THE HALL
OF THE SLEEPER!
IS THE ANSWER
I SEEK THERE?



ALMOST IN DESPAIR, HE
RACES THROUGH THE DARK
AND HAUNTED HALLWAYS
OF THE DEAD.



HOW COULD I HAVE LISTENED TO
A BLOCK OF STONE? I SHOULD
HAVE LEFT HERE WITH NEFER
WHEN SHE ASKED ME TOO...
WHEN WE STILL
HAD TIME.



OUT OF MY WAY!
I MUST KNOW I HAVE TO.
I'VE GOT TO BREAK FREE!
THE SLEEPER WILL HELP ME.
HE HAS TO!
THE SLEEPER...





ANXIOUSLY,
HIS FINGERS
TEAR AWAY
AT THE
SHROUD.


I NEED JUST
PEEL BACK THE
GAUTY LAYERS OF
TIME... THE SLEEPER
WILL BE REVEALED.
THE SLEEPER
WHO...



...IS ME!



HE FEELT ALONE, INFINITELY
ALONE. IT WAS AS IF HE HAD
SLEPT THROUGH ALL OF RECORD-
ED TIME THAT CORNER OF THE
UNIVERSE THAT FIRST SPAWNED
HIM WAS UNKNOWN, NAMELESS.
HE HAD NOTHING, ONLY SOLITUDE
AND THE ACHING MEMORY OF A
GIRL, HER WARMTH AND LOVE IN
LIFE. HE KNEW FOR CERTAIN
THAT THERE WAS NO WAY TO
PENETRATE THE DARKNESS, NO
WAY TO RETURN TO THE LAND
OF THE LIVING, AND HE WANTED
TO KNOW AS WOULD ANY MAN...
IN DEATH.



NEVER AGAIN, EH? POOR SOUL.
HE DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER
HE WAS COMING OR GOING.



EVER HAVE EVERYBODY TELL YOU YOU'RE WRONG WHEN YOU GIBBLE YOU'RE RIGHT? POOR MELISSA... THEY EVEN GAVE HER SHOCK TREATMENT TO MAKE HER FORGET THE TRUTH.

THEY CAUGHT MELISSA DOING SOMETHING AWFUL IN THE GRAVEYARD AT MIDNIGHT...

WAS THERE? WHAT'S THAT? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?

GOOD LORD!... A GIRL!... SHE CAN'T BE MUCH MORE THAN A TEENAGER! LOOK AT HER!

SHE'S WEIRD! SHE MUST BE WEIRD!



SHE WAS CROUCHED OVER THE BODY OF A MAN, DOING SOMETHING GRABSTY-- SOMETHING NO SANE PERSON WOULD EVER DO. SHE WAS BABBLING INCOHERENTLY, HINCHED OVER THE MIDNIGHT FORM OF...

DEATH IN THE SHADOWS

THE HARSH JANGLE OF THE ROSSBELL SHATTERS SLEEP... ARROGANT THE GUMMING COUPLE TO ANSWER, URGES THEM DOWN THE STAIRWAY TO ANSWER THE DOOR...



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF WAKING PEOPLE UP IN THE MIDDLE--THE POLICE? WHY, WHAT'S WRONG, OFFICER?

MRS. HOWARD? WE FOUND YOUR DAUGHTER, MELISSA, TONIGHT. DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHERE SHE WAS?

SHE WAS ON A DATE. MY GOD, HAS ANYTHING HAPPENED TO HER? IS SHE ALL RIGHT?

SHE'S SAFE... BUT I'M AFRAID SHE'S IN SERIOUS TROUBLE. I'M SORRY BUT I HAVE A DELICATE QUESTION TO ASK-- IS THERE... IS... DOES SHE HAVE A HISTORY OF... INSANITY?



INSANITY? NO! OF COURSE SHE DOESN'T! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY--?

NOW, BETH, DON'T GET SO UPRIT. YOU KNOW MELISSA HAS BEEN A LITTLE REGULAR LATELY.



I REALIZE THIS MAY COME AS A SHOCK TO YOU, MR. HOWARD, BUT YOUR DAUGHTER BETH ATTACKED THE CARSTAGER OF THE GRAVEYARD TONIGHT MURDEROUSLY! AND THE MAFY SHE ATTACKED HIM-- I WE MANAGED TO SAVE THE MAN-- BUT IT TOOK THREE OF US JUST TO PEAK YOUR DAUGHTER OFF HIM

THE NEXT DAY IS A RAINFUL ONE FOR MRS. HOWARD. IT MARKS THE LAST TIME SHE WILL SEE HER DAUGHTER FOR MANY LONG AND EMPTY MONTHS...



AND THE PERSISTENT LONELINESS OF THIS FINAL MEETING IS FURTHER COMPOUNDED BY THE FACT THAT SHE MUST WITNESS THE INCARCERATION OF HER DAUGHTER IN THE STATE SMITARIUM FOR THE INSANE...



...AND THE GRIEF-STROCKEN MRS. HOWARD MUST WITNESS THIS ALONE.

HELLO, MRS. HOWARD... WHY, WHERE'S YOUR HUSBAND?

I KNOW THIS MUST SOUND STRANGE... BUT HE JUST HAD TO WORK TODAY. IT'S NOT THAT HE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT MELISSA-- HE DOES! BUT HE'S INDISPENSABLE AT HIS BUSINESS, AND...



I UNDERSTAND, MRS. HOWARD. PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO SPEND SOME TIME TALKING TO YOUR DAUGHTER BEFORE...

YES--YES, I WOULD. HOW ARE YOU, MELISSA? MELISSA...? MELISSA, IT'S ME!



MELISSA! CAN'T YOU HEAR ME? IT'S ME-- YOUR MOTHER, MELISSA!



I'M AFRAID SHE'S OVERTIRED, MRS. HOWARD! SHE REFUSED TO SLEEP LAST NIGHT-- SHE KEPT DAVING ABOUT "THE UNDEAD" AND HOW "VAMPIRES" DON'T SLEEP AT NIGHT. I HAD TO ADMINISTER A SEDATIVE TO HER JUST A SHORT WHILE AGO.

I... SHE... THEN THERE'S BEEN NO CHANGE? SHE'S STILL THE ... GAME?





YES, I'M AFRAID SHE'S STILL THE SAME... BUT YOU MUST PLACE YOUR FAITH IN THE SANDSHELL--AND IN YOUR DAUGHTER! GIVEN TIME, I'M SURE SHE WILL RECOVER SATISFACTORILY...

GIVEN TIME? HOW MUCH TIME? YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER! HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE?!



I...DON'T KNOW, MRS. HOWARD... I REALLY DON'T HAVE ANY IDEA.

THE TRICK ABOUTS THAT IS TIME PASSES SLOWLY FOR THOSE IMPRISONED AGAINST THEIR WILL... AND THE MIND IS RENDERED PERHAPS EVEN MORE UNBALANCED...

THE NIGHT! I MUST BE FREE! I HAVE TO BE FREE! I HAVE THINGS THAT MUST BE DONE IN THE NIGHT! I CANNOT STAY HERE-- CAGED LIKE SOME KIND OF ANIMAL.

PLEASE, MISS HOWARD! COME AWAY FROM THE WINDOW! YOU MUST GET SOME SLEEP!

LIKE A CRAZED ANIMAL, MELISSA WHIRLS UPON THE STARTLED NURSE IN A DISPLAY OF FERAL RAGE, HER VOICE HISSES BERRILY.

SEEKING WITH UNBROKEN FURY, HER EYES BLAZING INTENTLY, MELISSA SUDDENLY ATTEMPTS AN ATTACK UPON THE FLEEING NURSE.



NO! I SLEEP DURING THE DAY! I'M NOT CRAZY LIKE YOU THINK! I MUST STAY AWAKE DURING THE NIGHT-- TO DO WHAT I HAVE TO!

DO YOU HEAR ME? I KNOW WHAT I MUST DO-- AND I MUST DO IT AT NIGHT! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I'M NOT CRAZY-- I'M JUST...



HYSTERICALLY STRAIGHT, THE NURSE GRABS OUT THE PROBING PSYCHIATRIST...

IT'S MELISSA HOWARD, DOCTOR! SHE'S VIOLENT! GAW JUST TRIED TO ATTACK ME! I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE WOULD'VE DONE IF SHE'D CAUGHT ME--

WO ENIT AGAIN, MARY? WELL, WE'VE NO CHOICE, THEN. I'D HOPED WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO RESORT TO IT, BUT...



... TELL THE NURSE TO READY THE PATIENT FOR SHOCK TREATMENT!



THE FRENZIED MOANS, CLANNING, SCREAMING ARE SO FORCEFULLY DRANGED TO THE GEAR SELECTOR-SHOCK THERAPY LABORATORY, STURPY, UNYIELDING LEATHER STRIPS ARE BUCKLED SECURELY AROUND HER DESPERATELY STRUGGLING TORSO, AND A SLICING TONGENT OF IMPOTENCY WASHES OVER HER...

MONTHS LATER, AFTER THE ESTRANGED GIRL HAS UNDERGONE LONG PERIODS OF CAREFULLY PLANNED SHOCK TREATMENT AT REGULAR INTERVALS...

AS MELISSA'S PARENTS FINALLY TAKE THEIR DAUGHTER HOME, TOTAL, LONELY SILENCE REIGNS WITHIN THE STIPLED INTERIOR OF THE CAR AS IT FLOWS THROUGH THE ALL-PERVAING SMOG OF SEBETH...

I THINK MELISSA HOWARD'S PROGRESS HAS NOW REACHED A STAGE SUFFICIENT TO WARRANT HER IMMEDIATE RELEASE, NURSE. ALTHOUGH SHE STILL PRESENTS IN SUBPARA DURING THE DAY--MOST PROBABLY OUT OF HABIT--SHE'S COMPLETELY POWDERY WITH ALL OF HER OTHER INTERIORD OBSSESSIONS.

LET ME GO, YOU FOOLS! IT'S NIGHTMARE-- I MUST GET OUT IN THE REALTY! THE UNREAL MUST--

NEIN, MEIN GOTT! CALM YOURSELF... THE TREATMENT YOU ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE WILL MAKE YOU FORGET... FORGET ALL YOUR TROUBLES... ALL THAT AWARDWINE ABOUT MARRIAGE.



I'LL PHONE HER PARENTS NOW, DOCTOR--TELL THEM THEY CAN PICK MELISSA UP TONIGHT.



... UNTIL MRS. HOWARD'S VOICE SHATTERS
THE APPREHENSIVE SILENCE...

IT'S GOING TO BE
WONDERFUL WITH YOU BACK
AT HOME, MELISSA. WE'VE BEEN
SO LONELY WITHOUT YOU ALL
THESE LONG MONTHS...

YES, MELISSA,
AND WAIT 'TIL YOU
SEE OUR NEW HOME--WE
JUST BOUGHT A NEW
HOUSE IN SATVIA.
DON'T WANT YOU TO
BE REMINDED OF
ANYTHING CONNECTED
WITH THE OLD HOUSE
AND THAT TOWN...

I'M... SURE
I'LL... LIKE THE
HOUSE, FATHER. BUT...
WHAT IS IT YOU DON'T
WANT ME TO... REMEMBER?
I FEEL CERTAIN THERE
IS SOMETHING I MUST
REMEMBER-- SOMETHING
I MUST DO -- AND IF
I DON'T DO IT, MY
VERY EXISTENCE WILL BE
THREATENED! WHAT IS
IT? I FEEL SO
WEAK-- DREADED...

YOU'RE JUST
TIRED, MELISSA! A
LITTLE REST AND
YOU'LL BE FEELING
FINE!

YOUR FATHER
IS RIGHT, DEAR.
THERE'S NOTHING
YOU MUST
REMEMBER!

WELL... HERE WE
ARE, MELISSA. HOW
DO YOU LIKE THE NEW
HOUSE? MELISSA...?
MELISSA, I SAID
WE'RE HERE...

HUH?... OH,
I'M SORRY, FATHER.
I WAS JUST... TRYING
TO REMEMBER... YES,
THE HOUSE IS VERY...
BEAUTIFUL...



DURING THE MELANCHOLY DAYS WHICH FOLLOW MELISSA'S LOSS OF MEMORY IS NOT THE ONLY THING WHICH HAAS AT THE PERIPHERY OF HER MIND...



MOTHER, YOU SEE SO LITTLE OF FATHER... DOES HE HAVE TO WORK EVERY DAY... EVEN SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS?

YOUR FATHER IS AN IMPORTANT MAN, MELISSA... IT'S NECESSARY FOR HIM TO DEVOTE A LOT OF TIME TO THE BUSINESS... BUT AT LEAST WE GET TO SEE HIM AT NIGHT!

EVEN AT NIGHT... HE'S AWAY... SO OFTEN... EVERY NIGHT HE GOES OUT... HE SPENDS MORE TIME WITH OTHER PEOPLE THAN HE DOES WITH US...

THAT NIGHT, AS MR. HOWARD PREPARED TO GO OUT...

LATER THAT NIGHT, A LONE WOMAN MAKES HER WAY THROUGH THE SHADOW-HAUNTED STREETS OF THE SLEEPY TOWN...

FRANK, MUST YOU GO OUT AGAIN TONIGHT? I DON'T THINK YOU'RE SPENDING ENOUGH TIME WITH MELISSA! YOU KNOW THAT THE PSYCHIATRIST SAID SHE NEEDS MORE ATTENTION THAN EVER NOW...

I SPEND AT LEAST AN HOUR WITH HER EACH NIGHT, BETH! YOU KNOW THAT! I WORK HARD ALL DAY-- I HAVE TO GO OUT FOR A LITTLE... RECREATION AT NIGHT!

SOON A POSSIBLY... BUT EVEN THAT CAN'T KEEP ME FROM BEING HAPPY NOW THAT I'VE LANDED A NEW JOB! MY WHOLE FUTURE LIES AHEAD OF ME NOW!



... TO CONFIRM A rendezvous WITH...

... SURE! DEATH!



THE NEXT NIGHT, AFTER MR. HOWARD
ARRIVED HOME FROM WORK...



OH FRANK, I
CAN'T HELP THINKING THAT
MELISSA... WELL, IT WAS
SHASTLY... THEY SAY IT
WAS THE FIRST MURDER IN
BATYNA FOR OVER FIFTY
YEARS! AND MELISSA STILL
SLEEPS ALL DAY AND...

QUET,
BETH! MELISSA'S
COMING!



HELLO, MELISSA!
UH... WHAT DO YOU
PO LAST NIGHT?

LAST NIGHT?
I... TOOK A WALK...
IT WAS AS IF I HAD TO
DO SOMETHING... I
STILL CAN'T REMEMBER
WHAT...



MELISSA, I WANT
YOU TO STAY IN YOUR ROOM
TONIGHT! DON'T GO OUTSIDE
FOR ANYTHING! I FORBID
IT! I'LL BE UPSTAIRS TO SEE
YOU LATER TONIGHT.

YES... FATHER...
I'LL... BE WAITING...
FOR YOU...



MINUTES PASS LIKE HOURS--
HOURS LIKE ETERNITIES--FOR
THE BEWILDERED GIRL AS SHE
SITS ALONE IN HER SILENT ROOM,
SURROUNDED BY THE GLOOM...

MY HEAD... FEELS LIKE MY
SKIN IS ITCHING... LIKE ANTS
ARE CRAWLING INSIDE MY EARS--
LIKE WHEN I WAS STRAPPED DOWN
IN THE HOSPITAL... WHY CAN'T
I REMEMBER WHAT I HAVE
TO DO AT NIGHT?



WHY AM
I SO FILLED WITH
ANXIETY-- THIS
PRESSURE ON MY
HEAD-- FINGERS--
MUST SEE
MOTHER OR
FATHER...



MOTHER?
FATHER? ARE
YOU HERE?



MOTHER!
OH, MY
GOD--!!!

YSLIP

MELISSA STARES DOWN IN FROZEN SHOCK AT THE STILL FORM OF HER MOTHER--AT THE TWO RASPED LACERATIONS ON HER THROAT--AT THE THICK CRIMSON FLUID ON THE WHITE PILLLOW...

THAT BLOOD--
VAMPIRE? IS THIS
WHAT I WAS SUPPOSED
TO REMEMBER? THAT
I NEED BLOOD? THAT
I AM A VAMPIRE? DID
I DO THIS TO MY
OWN MOTHER?



THEN, THE GRIEY GHOST OF HER SLAIN MOTHER STABS HER AND--
RELEASING THE FLOODGATES OF HER MEMORY, EXPURGATES HER FROM HER OWN SUSPICIONS, AND FULL RECOLLECTION OF THAT HORRIBLE NIGHT IN THE CEMETERY RETURNS TO HER WITH CHANGING REVELATION!

NO! I WAS IN MY ROOM--I COULDN'T
HAVE DONE THIS! NOW I REMEMBER THAT
NIGHT--THEY SAID I ATTACKED THE
CARETAKER IN SOME MORNABLE WAY! I
DID--I TRIED TO DRIVE A WOODEN
STAKE THROUGH HIS HEART--BECAUSE
HE WAS A VAMPIRE!!!



SEIZED WITH GRIM RESOLVE, THE
SLIPPERY ANIMATED GEL BOLTS
DOWN THE HALLWAY TO HER OWN
ROOM...

AND NOW THERE'S A
VAMPIRE HERE IN BATAVIA TOO--
AND HE'S MADE MOTHER HIS
VICTIM! MUST GET DRESSED AND
FINISH WHAT I STARTED IN
THAT GRAVEYARD SO
LONG AGO!



LOOKING THE AIRDOWN
ROOM BEHIND HER, MELISSA
REACHES FOR THE LIGHT
SWITCH--BUT BEFORE SHE
CAN, AN EERIE BLOOD-
POURING SOUND ISSUES
FROM THE BLACKNESS
BEHIND HER...



HER BLOOD TURNING TO ICY WATER AT
THE GOUNT FROM THE BLACK VOID, MELISSA
STABS FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH REVEALING
THE GRIMACING FEATURES OF...



YOU!
FITNER!

YES, MELISSA! I...
RAN INTO... THAT CARETAKER
ONE NIGHT SHORTLY AFTER
YOU WERE COMMITTED TO THE
SANITARIUM; HE WAS EXTREMELY
INSTRUMENTAL IN CONVERTING
ME TO THE ECSTASIES
OF THE NIGHT...



...AND
BLOOD!

AAAAAIIIEEEE!

PRETTY SHOCKING,
EH REARERS? I BIT THE OLD
MAN USED TO PAINT THE
TOWN RED ON
HIS NIGHTLY
JAUNTS.



HERE'S A DELICIOUS TALE ABOUT THAT DIETARY ITEM CALLED MALE CHAUVINISM PIG!

GOOD LORD! THE FUND HAS STRUCK AGAIN, ONE OF OUR OWN OFFICERS THIS TIME!

POOR CHIT! JUST LIKE THE OTHERS, NOTHING LEFT BUT HIS HEAD, HANDS, FEET AND UNIFORM. AND AS USUAL, NO MOTIVE, NO CLUES!

By Mel H. Jackson, Managing Editor,
"Dread Magazine"
POOD: Leon Campbell

O.K. Chief says the script you drafted is for me it's a nightmare, but I'll keep my snout kept to the end and will my Pulitzer be hard way. Put down on this -- no time for my usual people. Some there are no job, but I'd write for just this reason -- you, too, as I love women, if I have my way, you, too, here like I'd be satisfied that I'm OK.

A MAN'S WORLD

I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU, I HADN'T TOO HIPPED ON COVERING THIS STORY FROM THE FIRST...

... FOR THE THIRD TIME IN AS MANY MONTHS, THE MAD BUTCHER HAS CLAIMED A VICTIM. THIS TIME FROM THE RANKS OF THE POLICE, WHO ADMIT THEY ARE BAFELED. SCATTERED RESIDENTS OF THE RESORT AREA HAVE DEMANDED GREATER PROTECTION, BUT...

LEON: JAP THE NEXT JET WEST. TAKE WILLY DOGLEY FOR YOUR PHOTOGRAPHY. HE'S A GOOD CHEESECAKE MAN.

CHIEF: SURE IF YOU'VE FLIPPED, HLL THERE'S NOTHING BUT FEET TO SHOOT, AND THE VICTIMS ARE ALL MEN.

BUT AS USUAL, YOUR NOSE FOR NEWS WAS SNIFFING UP A STORM.

AT FIRST IT LOOKED LIKE WE WEREN'T VERY WELCOME.



YOU'RE FORGETTING THE EXPERIMENTAL COLONY THOSE WOMEN'S FREEDOM DAMES SET UP OUT IN THAT GHOST TOWN. A MAD KILLER COMMITTING ATROCITIES IN THEIR BACKYARD, AND THEIR LOOKS WITHOUT ANY MEN TO PROTECT THEM.

SOOZ ANGLE, CHEF. GREAT SCOOP IF THEY ADMIT THEY'RE SPOOKED, AND THEIR BARBERS SOCIETY IS A SUMMER. I'M ON MY WAY.

I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE WRONG.

DELIGHTED TO MEET YOU, GENTLEMEN. WELCOME TO SAPPNOVILLE. I'M KRANTZ, FOUNDER AND LEADER OF THE COLONY.

WE DIDN'T THINK YOU WELCOMED NEWSMEN GRACIOUSLY, MISS KRANTZ.

NOT 'WOOD'. PLEASE, WE ADORR KRANTZ TITLES. JUST KRANTZ, YOU'VE BEEN ABLED BY THE EXAMINATIONS OF YOUR OWN COLLEAGUES. WE ARE INDEPENDENT OF MALE DOMINATION, BUT WE APPRECIATE MEN IN A MANNER OF 'WOOD'.



STOP!
NO TRESPASSING.

YOU ARE BEING OBSERVED ON CLOSED CIRCUIT TV. VISITORS DESIRING ADMISSION TO THE PRIVATE COLONY OF SAPPNOVILLE MUST APPROACH ON FOOT AND OBTAIN AUTHORIZATION AT FIRST CHECKPOINT. VIOLATORS WILL BE PENALIZED.

SHE WAS BEHIND WHEEL. YOU AIN'T SEEN ONE BEFORE UNTIL YOU'VE DAD LEADER KRANTZ, BUT SHE WAS ALL HOOKED UP IN A ROSE. IT WAS LIKE BEHAVING IN A PARTY SHOP WITH SLIMERS ON. BUT THEN WE ENCOUNTERED THE FIRST STRANGE THING.

THESE ARE SOME RELS, HOWEVER. FOR INSTANCE, YOU JUST SHAVE EVERY DAY.

NOTHING DOING. I REMOVE MY BEARD FOR NOBODY.

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, FOR IT REPRESENTS REVOLT AGAINST THE SYSTEM THAT OPPRESSES WOMEN, BUT WE INSIST ON CLEAN-SHAVEN CHRISTS, ARMS AND LEGS. SYMBOLS OF MALE CRAWLWORM. LYDIA HERE WILL LET YOU USE HER CABIN.



...MY BEARD DEAD FATHER WORE A BEARD... SO LONG AGO... BEFORE MEN CHANGED SO, HE TOO, HAD MALE PARD... BUT HE WAS KNEE...



IT SEEMED SILLY, BUT NO ONE THOUGHT GET-UP, AND SO...

NOW MY CLOTHES FEEL SCRATCHY, AND I FEEL LIKE A PLUCKED CHICKEN.

IT SAID'S TROUBLE IN THE LOW RAIN. MOST MEN WOULDN'T BE LONG ENOUGH FOR IT TO BOTHER THEM. WE MAKE EXCEPTIONS WITH SOME NEWBIES, SO THAT WORD OF OUR SUCCESS WILL REACH THE OUTSIDE. MORE WOMEN WILL FOLLOW OUR EXAMPLE. ONE DAY THIS WILL BE THE SUPREME SOCIETY.

WE'RE FLATTERED TO BE AMONG THE CHOSEN FEW.

I'D NEVER BE FORGIVEN IF I TURNED AWAY SUCH SPECIMENS. YOU'RE WHAT WE CALL A COUPLE OF REAL BYRNES.

PUNY, I WAS JUST GOING TO CALL YOU THAT, LYDIA.

BUT YOU TELL THAT TO ALL THE GIRLS. WHEN WE SAY IT, WE REALLY MEAN IT.

IT WAS A CUTE CRACK AND I JOTTED IT DOWN. WILLY SHIPPED IT RIGHT AND LEFT. WE WERE SURROUNDED. SOME OF THEM WHISTLED AT US. WILLY GRINDED THAT ONE PINCHED HIM.

I HATE TO WOUND YOUR MALE EGO, BUT DO YOU SEE ANY RAIN? ANYWAY, THOSE BONES WERE FOUND 50 MILES FROM HERE.

THE BONES HAVEN'T BEEN FOUND AT ALL, BUT HOW CAN YOU BE SO CALM, WITH NO MEN TO PROTECT YOU? DO YOU HAVE WEAPONS?

LOOKS LIKE YOUR EXPERIMENT IS WORKING OUT, BUT HOW DO YOU GIRLS FEEL ABOUT THE DESERT BUTCHER?

JUST OUR PAIN IMPLEMENTS, BUT WHEN YOUNGER THAN MOST SOLDIERS, THOSE GIRLS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE WHEAT FIELDS. WE WORK HARD AND WE PLAY HARD. WE'RE IN GREAT SHAPE.

YOU SURE ARE.

WHEAT FIELDS? IN THIS DESERT?

WHY NOT? THE ISLANDS AROUND A PARADISE OF AN UNFINISHED DESSERT. WE TOO ARE SELF-SUFFICIENT. WE'VE MADE A 'FORNITORY' FROM THE OLD HOTEL. CASABLANCA FOR OUR PIEL. FROM OLD TOOLSHEDS, A BEANARY FROM THE LIVERY STABLE, I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO SLEEP IN THE JAILHOUSE, THOUGH IT'S THE ONLY ACCOMMODATIONS WE HAVE FOR MEN.

I SPOKE OF DRINK THINGS I HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED, AND HOW I WAS HELD IN FRABLE ON FRONKY SPY CHAIRS UNTIL YOU COULD PULL THE RIGHT STRINGS.

I'LL FEEL RIGHT AT HOME, KOMITZ. SAY, WHAT'S THAT MALOCCED BUILDING?

THE OLD ICE-HOUSE, WE STILL USE IT, AND EVEN SAPPIMOTZ'S ARE STILL WOMEN. IF WE DON'T LOCK IT UP, SOME OF THE GUESS COULDN'T RESIST NIGHT SNACKS. THEY'D BE FAT AS TOMPS IN NO TIME.

THEN SHE LAID MORE FREAKY RULES ON US.

HOW IT'S TIME FOR YOUR AFTERNOON NAPS.

YOU'RE KIDDING! NEXT YOU'LL GIVE US MILK AND COOKIES AT RECESS.

TRUE, IT'S THE RULE. WE PAMPER OUR FEW MALE GUESTS. NO WORK—LOTS OF REST. LOTS OF WILDGONE FOOD, LOAFING AT THE POOL, BUT NO SITTING IN THE SUN. WE CAN'T STEND LEATHERY SKIN.

YOU MAKE IT SOUND LIKE A HEALTH SPA FOR OUTS.

IN A WAY, YOU CAN'T BE WITH US LONG, SO WE WANT YOU ABSOLUTELY CONTENTER. ANYTHING WE HAVE IS YOURS. I'LL BE YOUR SPONSOR, AND LYDIA WILL BE WALLY'S.

I-I... PERHAPS SOMEONE ELSE SHOULD BE ASSIGNED...

IT'S YOU I WANT—AND I'M AN HONORED GUEST.

DINNER THAT NIGHT WAS A BLOCK PARTY. BARBICUS, THE ROAST TURNING ON A SPIT—MUSIC FROM SOMEONE'S INSTRUMENTS. DANCING GIRLS SINGING AND GAWKING IN THE FLEIGHT, AND THESE TOUGH BUT BEAUTIFUL CREATURES, CATERING TO OUR EVERY WHIM.

HONEY, I CAN'T HOLD ANOTHER DATE—WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR FOOD? IT'S A LONG WAY TO THE SUPERMARKET.

WE RAISE OUR OWN CROPS... AND THERE'S ADESLATE GAME IN THE DESERT.



SO IT WENT, LAZING UNDER A BEACH UMBRELLA, AIL DRY, RUBBING DOWN EVERY HOUR, DANCING EVERY NIGHT. IN NEARLY DAILY, THIS WAS A WORK ASSIGNMENT? I FELT GUILTY AND THOUGHT ABOUT CALLING IT OFF. BUT I HAD A HUNCH THE MAD BUTCHER WOULD STRIKE AGAIN, AND I WANTED TO OBE THAT PHOENIX SAPHORVILLE FRONT CRACK WITH FEAR WHEN HE DID. AFTER TWO WEEKS OF PUTTING ON 25 LBS. AND STARTING TO LOOK LIKE A PEGGED EGG, YESTERDAY MY HUNCH CAME TRUE.



... BESIDE AN ABANDONED PICK-UP TRUCK FIVE MILES FROM THE SITE OF THE LAST ATROCITY, POLICE DISCOVERED THE NOW PREDICTABLE HEAD, HANDS, FEET AND FINGER PRINTS OF A PASHANAH, A BEEDY-LOOKING BEARDED MAN...

MY HOSPITALITY WON'T BE WASTED, EITHER THEY'LL LEAVE SOON, SATISFIED THERE'S NO STORY HERE, OR... ARE YOU SURE YOU LEFT NO CLUES?

THE WORLD STAYED COOL. I FIGURED IT WAS AN ACT FOR OUR BENEFIT, AND KEPT A CLOSE EYE ON KRANTZ. LATE LAST NIGHT SHE SUMMONED A GIRL TO HER CABIN. I HED AMONG THE CACTUS.



SELENA, EXPLAIN WHY YOU DID NOT CONSULT ME FIRST.

IT WAS AN IMPULSE, LEADER KRANTZ, I HITCHED A RIDE AND THE GUY WAS SO ARABIAN I COULDN'T RESIST. BESIDES, THE WAY YOUR NEWBORN'S FAT, HE COULD COME IN SADDLEBUSTERS NOT THAT FAR OFF.

I WAS TOO STUNNED TO PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER. OBVIOUSLY THESE CHECKS WERE IMPLICATED IN THE DRAMA, BUT HOW—AND WHY? WHILE TRYING TO SORT IT OUT, I NOTICED THE ICE-HOUSE OPPOSITE THE LOCK. THE LOCK WASN'T BOLTED AS USUAL. ON ANOTHER HUNCH, I CREEPT OVER FOR A LOOK-SEE.



PARK AS PITCH DARK I TOOK A CHANCE AND FLICKED MY CIGARET LIGHTER.

BAD HUNCH, IT'S JUST AS THEY SAY, AN ICE-HOUSE FOR STORING THEIR MEAT. OH, GREAT SCOTTY!



ABSOLUTELY, I SWEEP TUMBLERNEED OVER MY TRACKS, AS USUAL.



IT WAS THEIR MEAT LOOKER, OKAY. DANGLING SPINE-DOWN FROM HOOKS WERE WHAT I FIRST TOOK TO BE FOUR SIDES OF BEEF. ONE HAD ALREADY BEEN THE MAIN COURSE A FEW TIMES, THE FRESHEST ONE WAS STILL DRAINING BLOOD ONTO THE SAWDUST FLOOR.



YOU'RE DECIDED FOR ME, LYON. NOW YOU'RE REALLY THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER, SELENA, PETER THE OTHER ONE!

WHY, KRANTZ? WHY ALL THIS?

TURNABOUT IS FAIR PLAY, YOUR KIND WAS PREVAILING ON HUMAN'S BODIES SINCE CIVILIZATION BEGAN. TO YOU WE'RE CUPCAKES, CHOCOLATE BUNS, BUT OUR KID FEELERS ARE SAN QUENTIN QUAL. TO YOUR BEATERS WE'RE CHEESECAKE. WE'VE CHANGED ALL THAT.



A MAN'S PLACE IS IN THE KITCHEN, IT'S ALL YOU'RE GOOD FOR!

THAT'S WHY WE SWINE ON MALE DANGERS! PING THAT'S YOUR CONTRIBUTION TO OUR CAUSE...

YOU'RE SICK! YOU'VE INSPECTED THE OTHERS WITH YOUR MADNESS!

SELENA RETURNED, NALLY GAZED AT THE HORROR OF THE SCENE.

I CAN'T DESCRIBE THE NEXT FEW HOURS IN THAT COLD, SHARPLY ROOM. THE ONLY SOUND WAS A SLOW STEADY DRIP DRIP DRIP. I KNEW IF IT KEPT UP MUCH LONGER I WOULD LOSE MY MIND-- AND I WANTED TO.



MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME, STRONGER SEX. IT'S THE LAST ONE YOU'LL HAVE, THOUGH YOU'LL HANG AROUND FOR A WHILE. SEE YOU AT SUNRISE, WHEN WE DO THE JOB ON THE PREMISES. WE MAKE A LITTLE RITUAL OF IT, SELENA, STAND GUARD OUTSIDE.

WHY DO THEY HARM THEIR VICTIMS THAT WAY?



SHIRL: GOURMET TASTES, WHO WANTS THE BOOZER'S BEAK AND FEET? AND THEY DON'T TOTE WHAT THEY CAN'T USE.



LYDIA!

THEY'LL CALL ME AN UNCLE MORN FOR MY BETRAYAL-- BUT YOU REMIND ME OF SOMEONE, NALLY, IT WOULD BE LIKE SEEING HIM DIE AGAIN-- AND HAVING A HAND IN IT!

LYDIA STOOD BEFORE US, KNIFE IN HAND SHE HAD MURDERED SELENA.

PHALANX FELL ACROSS THE DOORWAY. TWO OF THEM HAD COME FOR US. THEY SAW SELENA'S BODY, BOUNDED THE ALARM AND BLOCKED OUR WAY. I DID THE ONLY THING POSSIBLE.



SORRY, CASH, BUT IF EVER A SUMMER NEEDED A BODY BLOCK, IT'S NOW!

MURDERING THE PALLEN WONDRA, WE BROKE INTO THE OVEN. I SCOOPED UP MY TYPEWRITER OUTSIDE HOARITZ' CASH. THE AMAZON PRICK WAS AFTER US LIKE SHE-WOLVES.

ONE MOMENT LYDIA WAS HOLDING WALLY'S HAND, PASSING HIM ALONG. THE NEXT HE WAS HOLDING HER HAND. ONLY HER HAND. THE FIRST PHALANX HAD KURLED THEIR SICKLES WITH DEADLY ACCURACY.

DEAL WITH THE TRAITOR FIRST, SISTERS!



LYDIA!
OH, LYDIA!

SHOOT IT, WALLY! SEND FOR THE HILLS!



THE SAPHROTES PAUSED TO MAKE BENCE-MEAT OF LYDIA. THEY HADN'T A DOUBT THEY COULD OVERTAKE AT WILL THE SOFT, FATTED CALVES WE HAD LET THEM MAKE OF US.

AND THEY WERE RIGHT, SECONDS LATER I DARED A BACKWARD GLANCE. THEY HAD OVERTAKEN WALLY, AND WERE MAKING SPORT OF HIM, LOYING ALONG UN-WINGED WHILE HE HUFFED AND PUFFED. THEY TALANTED HIM WITH WORDS AND PROCKED HIS BOM WITH THESE WEAPONS. FINALLY ONE NERKELY STUCK HER SCYTHE IN FRONT OF HIM, GHH-HSH...



HE RAN THROUGH THE BLADES LIKE A VOUNTEER SALAM, AND KEPT RUNNING ON HIS GLIMMERING STUMPS, TOTTERING LIKE A DRUNK ON STILTS. HIS FEET SPLIT AWAY IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS. THERE WAS NO TIME TO RUN... TO ESCAPE... HE KNEW HE WAS DONE TROUGH, AND HIS LAST WORDS WERE OF YOU...


THE POOR DEWL TRIED A GRENADE THROWN, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. THE SCYTHA SHAKED OUT IN FRONT OF HIM AGAIN, AND HE WAS SLICED IN TWO. HIS LEGS TOOK TWO MORE RITHEM FORWARD AS HIS TORSO SPLIN OFF SIDEWAYS.

DON'T RUN TOO HARD, WALLY. DON'T SWEAT OFF A SINGLE PIOUSOUS POUND. WE'LL MEET YOU IN THE FOOTWELLS AFTER WE QUARTAR LEON. HE'LL BE HANER TO CARRY THAT WAY.

MY CAMBIDA!
GET THE FILM TO
HAL!

SO, IN MY OWN WAY, WALLY BOUGHT ME THE TIME TO WRITE THIS. BUT I HATE THEM NOW, HAVING JOKES AND BRUSH SAGLES, AND IT WON'T BE LONG, I'M GOING TO WAD THIS UP, STUFF IT AS FAR BACK IN MY MOUTH AS I CAN, AND GRIT MY TEETH LIKE CRAZY TO KEEP MY WAD CLOSED LIKE YOU ALWAYS SAID I SHOULD. IF I'M LUCKY THE SLICE WILL BE NEAR THE COLLAR BONE, AND THEY WON'T FIND THIS-- BUT THE COPS WILL. HERE THEY COME, SO I GET A BONUS ON THIS ONE, HAL BARY?

IT'S OKAY!
LEON WAS
JUST A WACK
ANYWAY!
TIME TO GRIT
YOUR TEETH!



AFTER TWENTY YEARS A GUY
IS LIKELY TO GET TIRED OF THE PEOPLE
ONE'S GROWN UP WITH, ESPECIALLY IN
A SMALL RIVER TOWN. YOU JUST CAN'T
KEEP THEM DOWN ON THE FARM,
I GUESS.

LOVER OF THE BAYOU



COME ON,
LANORI, YOU CAN'T
JUST QUIT LIKE THAT,
NOT WHEN I'M
JUST GETTING
WARMED UP!

I TOLD YOU,
HOLLIS, I JUST
DON'T FEEL LIKE IT
TOMORROW, THAT'S
ALL!



YEAH, YOU NEVER SEEM
TO FEEL LIKE IT ANYMORE.
WAS YOU HOLDING OUT
FOR--THE LOVER?



WHERES SO,
WHENEVER ELSE
HE IS, HE'S GOT
TO BE MORE OF
A MAN THAN
YOU ARE.

GO AHEAD! GET YOURSELF KILLED AND TORN TO PIECES! SEE IF I CARE!



LANORA TOOK THE RIVER ROAD HOME, HOPING THE OLD WIDOW WOMAN WOULD BE IN BED. BUT SHE WASN'T. SHE SAT ON THE PORCH, AS ALWAYS.



AND AS ALWAYS SHE HAD A SOUR REMARK FOR LANORA. IT SEEMED AS IF THE OLD WOMAN NEVER RAN OUT OF SPT.

AND WHAT KEEPS A NICE, DECENT YOUNG LADY LIKE YOU OUT SO LATE, LANORA? BEEN TO A LATE CHURCH MEETING? OUT TENDING THE SICK?



NO, I JUST BEEN UP THE RIVER TALKING TO THE LOVER, THAT'S ALL.



THAT'S RIGHT, HONEY! GO AHEAD, MAKE FUN OF THE LOVER! ONE OF THESE BOYS HE'LL LEAVE THAT SWAMP OF HIS AND COME INTO TOWN AND PAY YOU BACK FOR ALL THEM SMART REMARKS! THEN WE'LL SEE HOW SASSY YOU ARE!



LOT OF GOOD IT WOULD DO YOU, WIDOW WOMAN! YOU WOULDN'T REMEMBER WHAT TO DO IF THE LOVER CAME KNOCKING ON YOUR BEDROOM DOOR!





OH PAP,
WHY DO YOU
ALWAYS HAVE TO
WAIT UP FOR ME?
YOU'D THINK I WAS
TWELVE YEARS
OLD...

NICE NIGHT,
HEY PAP?

oooooooo



LITTLE LATE FOR
A GIL TO BE OUT BY
HERSELF. AN' IT?
THOUGHT YOU WAS OUT
WITH HOLLIS.



YEAH, I WAS, BUT I GOT
BORED AND WALKED HOME BY
MYSELF. WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT
SO LATE YOURSELF?



YOU THINK IT'S
STRANGE A MAN SHOULD
WORRY ABOUT HIS ONLY
DAUGHTER? HARDLY FIT
OUT IN THE WORLD
ANYMORE. WHAT WITH
KILLINGS AND
EVERYTHING AND
EVERYTHING A MAN'S GOT
CAUSE TO WORRY.



PAP, LOOK AT
ME! I'M GROWN UP!
I CAN TAKE CARE OF
MYSELF!



I HEAR YOU BEEN TALKING
ABOUT THE LOVER QUITE A
BIT LATELY, YOU AN'T
GETTING NO CRAZY NOTIONS
ARE YOU?

I'M JUST CURIOUS,
THAT'S ALL. NOBODY'LL TELL
ME NOTHING ABOUT HIM, ONLY
GUESSES AND HEARSAY. WHAT
IS HE PAP?



AN' IT
NOBODY KNOWS, AN'
NOBODY WANTS TO
KNOW.



THE WATER WAS SHALLOW HERE,
EVEN FOR THE FLATBOAT.



LANDRA FELT THE SOFT MUD
GIVE WAY BENEATH HER. IT
SLIPPED UP AROUND HER LEGS
AS SHE SANK, TRAPPED.





THANK YOU. IF YOU HADN'T COME ALONG WHEN YOU DID...

NEVER MIND THAT. JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU WERE DOING OUT IN THE SWAMP THIS LATE AT NIGHT.



OH, THAT'S ALL I'VE HEARD TONIGHT, HOW LATE IT IS!



BUT IT IS LATE. WHY DON'T YOU STAY AT MY PLACE? IT'S NEAR HERE. WE CAN COME BACK FOR YOUR BOAT IN THE MORNING.

THANK YOU. I SUPPOSE THAT WOULD BE BEST.





LET ME OUT OF
HERE ! I DON'T
WANT TO STAY !
LET ME OUT !

THEN SHE HEARD THE SOUND.



IT WAS A LOW GUTTERAL
SOUND THAT CAME FROM
DEEP IN THE THROAT, WITH
IT CAME SOFT WET NOISES
OF SOMETHING SMOOTH
AND SLIMP BEING PULLED
ACROSS THE FLOOR.



LANDRA FELT SOMETHING
SLIMY WRAP ITSELF AROUND
HER ANKLE WHILE THE
GRUNLINS, GURGLING SOUND
GREW LOUDER.



SHE COULDN'T SCREAM.
A HEAVY STENCH OF
STAGNANT WATER
FILLED HER SENSES AND
CLOSED A LUMP TO
FORM IN HER THROAT.
SHE COULD ALMOST
DISTINGUISH WORDS IN
THE THROATY
GRUNGLINGS THAT
CAME CLOSER, CLOSER...



AS THE SLIMY THING GRIPPING HER ANKLE WOUND
SLOWLY UP HER THIGH, LANDRA FINALLY
UNDERSTOOD THE CREATURE'S MESSAGE, OVER
AND OVER AGAIN ITS DEEP, COLD VOICE REPEATED
A SINGLE ELEMENTAL WORD--



"...LOVE...
LOVE...LOVE..."

BUT THAT HAPPENED
HER SPIRITS ALRIGHT |
OLD MAN RIVER MAY NOT BE
THE MAN OF HER DREAMS
BUT HE SURE WAETS
MY APPETITE | LIFE'S
JUST SELL AND TAKE,
I GUESS.



GIANT POSTERS from EC COVERS!

Full Color 22" x 28" Posters of Original EC Horror Covers!

HORROR TALES FROM THE CRYPT



All EC horror Posters are sent rolled, packaged in a special protective mailing tube. Order both Posters now!

Now for the first time you can have original EC horror comic covers from VAULT OF HORROR #22 and TALES OF THE CRYPT #28 as huge Posters! Art by JOHNNY CRAIG and JACK DAVIS in Full Color! 22" x 28"! But the uncolored original versions before the art was done! Reprinted from the Original Artwork Limited Supply Fan-Club quality Collector's Art then you must have! Only \$2.50 each, or \$4.75 for both. All posters are sent rolled, in a protective mailing tube.

CAPTAIN COMPANY
P.O. Box 430 Murray Hill Station
New York, N.Y. 10018

Please RUSH me EC HORROR POSTERS which I've checked below:

- Send me the TALES FROM THE CRYPT full color poster, for which I enclose \$2.50 plus 75¢ postage & handling (Total \$3.25)
- Send me the VAULT OF HORROR full color poster, for which I enclose \$2.50 plus 75¢ postage & handling (Total \$3.25)
- I must have BOTH posters! Here is my \$4.75 plus 75¢ for postage & handling (Total \$5.50)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

HORROR THE VAULT OF HORROR



Supply on these Full-Color EC horror Posters is limited. Order yours now. You'll treasure them as they are true comic cover classics!

THESE WERE THE TERRIFYING, GORE-BOILING, SHOCK-APPALING GORGES... BUT SIMPLY WONDERFUL... HORROR COMICS OF THE 1950'S



FIRST COLLECTION OF GREAT HORROR COMICS

208 Page 10" x 14" Hard-Cover Book in Full Color!



You've heard about these great EC comic books of the 1950's. Fine still collect them and talk about them 20 years later! Now for the first time, 22 of the very best horror comics ever published by EC are available in original Full Color in one GIANT 208-page book 10"x14"! In steel! A truly classic collector's edition of over 20 complete stories by the comic masters!

See if these stories terrify you like they terrified a whole generation of readers! EC HORROR COMICS OF THE 1950'S features a terrific collection of terror stories plus the original ads for MAD, great illustrations and more! From the comic book company that brought readers the "Great" horror stories of its time comes a collector's edition you must have!

Graphic artist greets the FRANK FRAZETTA, WALLACE WOOD, AL WILLIAMSON, JACK DAVIS! Stories reprinted in Full Color from the finest quality printing process! 22 horrifying spine-tingling episodes! All the old ads and editorials plus great background! The comics that changed all the excitement you back when! The comics they wouldn't let you read!

CAPTAIN COMPANY
P.O. Box 430, Murray Hill Station
New York, N.Y. 10018

Please RUSH my Collector's Limited Edition Copy of EC HORROR COMICS OF THE 1950'S for which I enclose \$19.95 plus \$1.00 Postage and Handling (Total \$20.95)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

DON'T MISS THIS ONE!
"EC HORROR COMICS OF THE 1950'S"
IS THE TRUE HISTORY OF AN ERA!

HERE SHE IS—AT LAST!!!

OUR OWN

VAMPIRELLA PLASTIC HOBBY KIT

FEATURING 16 SNAP-TOGETHER PLASTIC PARTS • 2 PAIRS OF MOVABLE ARMS • 2 PAIRS OF LEGS • SEPARATE BAT • STURDY BASE • PRODUCED BY AURORA • STRAIGHT OUT OF THE PAGES OF VAMPIRELLA MAGAZINE!!

ONLY **\$1³⁰**

NEW MONSTER SCENE & FIGURE KITS—TO GO WITH THE VAMPIRELLA KIT! NO CEMENT REQUIRED, SIMPLE SNAP-TOGETHER ASSEMBLY. NOW YOU CAN CREATE YOUR OWN CUSTOMIZED MONSTER SETS!!



THE MOST
FANTASTIC
AND PRETTIEST
HOBBY KIT
EVER
CREATED!



THE PENDULUM



GROSSOME GOODIES



THE PAIN PARLOR



THE HANGING CAGE

MAIL COUPON TODAY!!

Please rush me the following kits, which I've checked below:

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Vampirella (\$1.30) | <input type="checkbox"/> The Franken (\$2.00) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dr. Deady (\$1.30) | <input type="checkbox"/> Pain Parlor (\$2.00) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Victim (\$1.30) | <input type="checkbox"/> Grossome Goodies (\$2.00) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Frankenstein (\$1.30) | <input type="checkbox"/> Hanging Cage (\$2.00) |

ADD 50¢ POSTAGE & HANDLING FOR EACH ITEM CHECKED
I enclose a total of \$ _____ for the above order. (Don't forget 50¢ postage & handling charge for each kit.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____



THE VICTIM



FRANKENSTEIN



DR. DEADY

ANNOUNCING THE NEW VAMPIRELLA FAN CLUB



A MILLION READERS ASKED FOR IT! HERE IT IS! VAMPI'S OWN ALL NEW FAN CLUB!

Hey, all you red-blooded VAMPIRELLA readers! Take a look at the fantastic blood-curdling collection of goodies you get when you join VAMPIRELLA's own ALL NEW FAN CLUB! A heart-stopping Official Full Color VAMPIRELLA CLUB BADGE (heavy metal, high quality) by top VAMPIRELLA Yearbook artist Alan! PLUS an Official wallet-size VAMPIRELLA MEMBERSHIP CARD (individually and personally numbered) signed by her vampiric ladyship, VAMPIRELLA herself! Once you receive these collector's items you become eligible to submit your art and stories for possible publication in VAMPI'S FLAMES pages, appearing every issue in VAMPIRELLA! Stop spending sleepless nights waiting for the VAMPIRELLA FAN CLUB! It's here! JOIN NOW! Just send the coupon below!



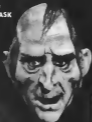
Dear Vampi,
Enclosed is my \$1.25 for a lifetime membership in the VAMPIRELLA FAN CLUB! Send my Big Club Badge and Shiny Membership Card with my own personal number, signed by VAMPIRELLA!

VAMPIRELLA FAN CLUB Dept.
P.O. Box 430, Murray Hill Station
New York, N.Y. 10016

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Now! The most CREEPY and EERIE masks ever!

SENSATIONALLY REALISTIC!
UNCLE CREEPY MASK



You screamed for it -and here they are! Custom masks modeled after your favorite fearmakers **UNCLE CREEPY** and **COUSIN EERIE**. Created exclusively for us by Don Post Studios, these extra heavy rubber masks are hood-colored and designed to cover the ENTIRE HEAD and still be flexible. Why just read about these two **MERRY MONSTERS** when you can actually BE them in these weirdly wonderful masks! Send in the coupon below NOW for your crawly collector's item!



WILDLY LIFE-LIKE!
COUSIN EERIE MASK

SEND TO: CREEPY-EERIE MASKS, c/o CAPTAIN COMPANY
P.O. Box 430
Murray Hill Station
New York, N.Y. 10016

Please rush me the following, for which I enclose \$ _____

- Fearsome CREEPY Mask (\$4.95 plus 25¢ postage & handling)
 Fearsome EERIE Mask (\$4.95 plus 25¢ postage & handling)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

THE PHANTOM



**LIMITED
80-PAGE
QUALITY
EDITION!**

THE PRISONER OF THE HIMALAYAS

A COMPLETE PHANTOM STORY REPRINTED AS IT
ORIGINALLY APPEARED IN 1931

The Great Who Was? The Man Who Has Lived For Centuries... The Phantom has had many stories, but none are so dramatic as that of his comic strip, "THE PRISONER OF THE HIMALAYAS," the Phantom's greatest work. The Phantom's plan to travel to India at the request of a fortune teller, an old friend of the Phantom, the Maharajah of Nepal, is missing! The Maharajah's friend, Mandrake, the Maharajah's ally, is missing! The Maharajah's friend, Mandrake, the Maharajah's ally, is missing! The Maharajah's friend, Mandrake, the Maharajah's ally, is missing! The Maharajah's friend, Mandrake, the Maharajah's ally, is missing!

TO ORDER, USE COUPON AT RIGHT

MANDRAKE

THE MAGICIAN

A COMPLETE STORY IN
A HARDBACK EDITION
9x12 BOOK-COLLECTOR'S COPY

**MANDRAKE
IN
HOLLYWOOD**

This Great Book Contains reprints of two full adventures from the 1936 daily strip! All of the magic, mystery and suspense of the long-running feature is here in this "Golden Age of the Comic Strip" series. Produced only in paperback, once they are out of print, dealers will be asking them at double and triple the price. Act now to receive this volume of rare comic art! Mail the coupon today!



MAIL COUPON TODAY

- MAIL TO: CAPTAIN COMPANY
P.O. Box 430, Murray Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10018
- Send "The Phantom," Hardcover in \$9.95 plus 75¢ postage & handling. (Total \$10.70)
 - Send "Mandrake the Magician," Hardcover in \$9.95 plus 75¢ postage & handling. (Total \$10.70)
 - Send BOTH "The Phantom" and "Mandrake the Magician" Enclosed in \$11.90 plus 80¢ postage & handling. (Total \$12.70)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____



NOW! A 400-PAGE 11" x 14" HARDCOVER COLLECTION OF THE FIRST COMIC STRIP SPACEMAN!

BUCK ROGERS

Now, The Collected Works of Buck Rogers in the 25th Century! Comic-strip fans and space buffs will revel in this fantastic selection from 40 years of Buck Rogers comic strips, starting in 1929. In this massive 400-page volume, over 1,000 of them have been reproduced in color and monochrome. If you're a comic-strip fan, this collector's delight may haul you into the past rather than the future. The past of childhood fantasies, of atomic delirium and guns and Buck Rogers speed sleds. Welcome to the world of the 25th century!



MAIL COUPON TODAY

CAPTAIN COMPANY
P.O. Box 430,
Murray Hill Station
New York, N.Y. 10018

Please send me The Collected Works of Buck Rogers in the 25th Century. My payment of \$ 7.95 plus \$1.00 shipping and handling is enclosed.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

DICK TRACY

20 YEARS OF DICK TRACY'S AMAZING COMICS IN HARD-COVER. 9 1/4" x 12 1/4"

For the first time ever, twenty years of the best of DICK TRACY: Over 218 serialized pages. Interview with Tracy artist Chester Gould. The most color-inked volume from 1931 to 1951! The award-winning Little Rascals! The Miami Piano player! Old Kevlar! Fitzcald! The Bomb! Mambino! Miskewny who in 1947 launched a Part 2! See Tracy reprinted in current. Almost all located in a compression phenolic by The Bleck! 22 color plates!



THE PULPS

BEAUTIFUL OVER-SIZED 8 1/2" x 11 1/4" HARD-COVER GREAT CLASSIC!

THE PULP is a massive collection of 50 years of American pulp output! Fantastic tales and artwork from magazines like World Today! Black Mask! Detective Fiction Weekly! All the great Fantasy writers like H. P. Lovecraft! Ray Bradbury! Edgar Rice Burroughs! The first complete survey and anthology of art and literature from 1910 to 1960! Heavy design cover art never before in Hard-Cover. One-time ed!



CAPTAIN COMPANY
P.O. Box 430, Murray Hill Station
New York, N.Y. 10016

- Send the CELEBRATED CASES OF DICK TRACY. Enclosed is \$2.50 plus 75c postage & handling. (Total \$3.25)
- Send THE PULPS. Enclosed is \$7.00 plus 75c postage & handling. (Total \$7.75)
- Send both THE CELEBRATED CASES OF DICK TRACY and THE PULPS. Enclosed is \$9.50 plus 1.50 for postage & handling. (Total \$11.00)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____



PRINCE VALIANT PICTURE BOOKS

HARD-COVER, LARGE 7" x 10" SIZE! 128 PAGES EVERY PAGE ILLUSTRATED BY HAL FOSTER

QUALITY MADE BOOKS TO LAST A LIFETIME

Here is your once in a lifetime opportunity to own this best-selling set of original, authentic adventure books. You'll find the best parable contents of Prince Valiant, daring action here!



RARE EDITIONS!

Follow Prince Valiant, Knight of King Arthur's Round Table as he wields the mighty Excalibur sword for justice everywhere. Follow him in his travels as he seeks out tyrants, thieves and warring armies, engaging them in heroic battles.

• **BOOK #1-37-37**
"THE GREAT WALL OF THE CITY OF KING ARTHUR"
The original Prince of the Round Table!



• **BOOK #38-43-43**
"PRINCE VALIANT ON THE INLAND SEA"
A hardcover volume of the "Blackie" episode of the original Prince.



• **BOOK #44-50-50**
"PRINCE VALIANT'S PERILOUS VOYAGE"
Guides readers to the original adventures in distant lands.

• **BOOK #51-52-52**
"PRINCE VALIANT IN THE NEW WORLD"
Crosses the sea to the new world before the days of Columbus.

• **BOOK #53-53-53**
"THE GREAT WALL AND THE THREE CHALLENGERS"
The Great Prince faces a turbulent king and a band of outlaws!

ADD 25¢ POSTAGE & HANDLING FOR EACH BOOK, AND \$6.00 TO CAPTAIN COMPANY P.O. Box 430 Murray Hill Sta. N.Y., N.Y. 10016 U.S. ORDERS ONLY NO C.O.D.'S

SUPERMAN & BATMAN

HARD-COVER-388 PAGES-7 1/2" x 10 1/2"



Over 2,000 fine drawings in each book! First color-copied in stunning full color & black and white! The most remarkable Superman and Batman ever published! Over 1150 of the greatest comic art! Includes: News 18 & 19, 1940-1941, and 1942!



SUPERMAN FROM THE 30'S TO THE 70'S. An essential history of the world's greatest comic book! Twenty-eight complete adventures in Full Color & Black and White! Fifty of the greatest stories, the defining moments from the actual Superman comics! Detailed biography of every one of Superman's superpowers, his stage and screen, and in comic! Witness the Legion, the Friends, the World! **\$7.95**

BATMAN WITH ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER FROM THE 30'S TO THE 70'S. Now, the first ever! The definitive full-color history of the Dynamic Duo from their very beginning to the present. The most important volume of all—the "Legends" of the "Justice" Generation! The first volume and the source from the original comic. The Robin stories from the "Resurrection" era published by Batman's own review, Dick Grayson! **\$7.95**

• Send SUPERMAN FROM THE 30'S TO THE 70'S. Enclosed is \$7.00 plus 75c postage & handling. (Total \$7.75)

CAPTAIN COMPANY
P.O. Box 430, Murray Hill Station
New York, N.Y. 10016

• Send BATMAN WITH ROBIN THE BOY WONDER FROM THE 30'S TO THE 70'S. Enclosed is \$7.00 plus 75c postage & handling. (Total \$7.75)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____

• Send BOTH SUPERMAN AND BATMAN. Enclosed is \$14.00 plus 1.50 postage & handling. (Total \$15.50)

STATE _____ ZIP _____



COMPLETE YOUR
CREEPLY
COLLECTION NOW!
ORDER THESE BACK ISSUES



BE SURE TO SEND FOR THESE BACK ISSUES OF **UNCLE CREEPY'S** PULSATING PACKAGE OF TERROR TALES! BUT... **HURRY UP!** THEY'RE GOING LIKE **BLOOD** AT A VAMPIRE CONVENTION!!

DON'T WAIT! MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!!!

CREEPLY BACK ISSUE DEPT.

P.O. Box 439
Murray Hill Station
New York, N.Y. 10005

I enclose \$ _____
for back issues

All Creeply
Magazines are
a Family
Exchange for
Prescription

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

<input type="checkbox"/> 1 (02-90)	<input type="checkbox"/> 11 (02-90)	<input type="checkbox"/> 21 (01-25)	<input type="checkbox"/> 31 (04-01)	<input type="checkbox"/> 41 (80C)
<input type="checkbox"/> 2 (02-90)	<input type="checkbox"/> 12 (02-90)	<input type="checkbox"/> 22 (01-26)	<input type="checkbox"/> 32 (04-02)	<input type="checkbox"/> 42 (90C)
<input type="checkbox"/> 3 (02-90)	<input type="checkbox"/> 13 (02-90)	<input type="checkbox"/> 23 (01-27)	<input type="checkbox"/> 33 (04-03)	<input type="checkbox"/> 43 (90C)
<input type="checkbox"/> 4 (02-90)	<input type="checkbox"/> 14 (01-25)	<input type="checkbox"/> 24 (01-28)	<input type="checkbox"/> 34 (01-01)	<input type="checkbox"/> 44 (94C)
<input type="checkbox"/> 5 (02-90)	<input type="checkbox"/> 15 (01-26)	<input type="checkbox"/> 25 (01-29)	<input type="checkbox"/> 35 (01-02)	<input type="checkbox"/> 45 (94C)
<input type="checkbox"/> 6 (02-90)	<input type="checkbox"/> 16 (01-27)	<input type="checkbox"/> 26 (01-30)	<input type="checkbox"/> 36 (04-04)	<input type="checkbox"/> 46 (94C)
<input type="checkbox"/> 7 (02-90)	<input type="checkbox"/> 17 (01-28)	<input type="checkbox"/> 27 (01-01)	<input type="checkbox"/> 37 (95C)	<input type="checkbox"/> 1984 YEARBOOK (02.00)
<input type="checkbox"/> 8 (02-90)	<input type="checkbox"/> 18 (01-29)	<input type="checkbox"/> 28 (01-02)	<input type="checkbox"/> 38 (85C)	<input type="checkbox"/> 1985 YEARBOOK (02.00)
<input type="checkbox"/> 9 (02-90)	<input type="checkbox"/> 19 (01-30)	<input type="checkbox"/> 29 (01-03)	<input type="checkbox"/> 39 (84C)	<input type="checkbox"/> 1986 YEARBOOK (02.00)
<input type="checkbox"/> 10 (02-90)	<input type="checkbox"/> 20 (01-25)	<input type="checkbox"/> 30 (01-04)	<input type="checkbox"/> 40 (94C)	<input type="checkbox"/> 1987 ANNUAL (04.25)
<input type="checkbox"/> 119 (02-90)	<input type="checkbox"/> 20 (01-25)	<input type="checkbox"/> 30 (01-04)	<input type="checkbox"/> 40 (94C)	<input type="checkbox"/> 1987 ANNUAL (04.25)

HERE'S WHERE WE GRAB YOU BY THE...



EERIE

ISSUES

COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION! ORDER BACK ISSUES NOW!



#2



#3



#4



#5



#6



#7



#8



#9



#10



#11



#12



#13



#14



#15



#16



#17



#18



#19



#20



#21



#22



#23



#24



#25



#26



#27



#28



#29



#30



#31



#32



#33



#34



#35



#36



#37



#38



#39



#40



#41

EERIE

AVAILABLE
IN
JULY
1972

#42

EERIE

AVAILABLE
IN
AUGUST
1972

#43

EERIE

AVAILABLE
IN
SEPT.
1972

#44

EERIE

AVAILABLE
IN
NOVEMBER
1972

#45

THESE BOOKS WILL
BECOME AS VALUABLE
AS HADES IN MONTHS
TO COME!



DON'T WAIT! MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!!!

- | | | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> # 2 (\$3.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> #13 (\$1.25) | <input type="checkbox"/> #22 (\$1.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> #31 (\$1.00) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> # 3 (\$2.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> #14 (\$1.25) | <input type="checkbox"/> #23 (\$1.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> #32 (\$1.00) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> # 4 (\$2.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> #15 (\$1.25) | <input type="checkbox"/> #24 (\$1.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> #33 (\$1.00) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> # 5 (\$2.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> #16 (\$1.25) | <input type="checkbox"/> #25 (\$1.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> #34 (\$1.00) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> # 6 (\$2.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> #17 (\$1.25) | <input type="checkbox"/> #26 (\$1.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> #35 (\$1.00) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> # 7 (\$2.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> #18 (\$1.25) | <input type="checkbox"/> #27 (\$1.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> #36 (\$1.00) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> # 8 (\$2.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> #19 (\$1.25) | <input type="checkbox"/> #28 (\$1.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> #37 (\$1.00) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> # 9 (\$2.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> #20 (\$1.25) | <input type="checkbox"/> #29 (\$1.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> #38 (\$1.00) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> #10 (\$2.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> #21 (\$1.25) | <input type="checkbox"/> #30 (\$1.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> #39 (\$1.00) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> #11 (\$2.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> #22 (\$1.25) | <input type="checkbox"/> #31 (\$1.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> #40 (\$1.00) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> #12 (\$2.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> #23 (\$1.25) | <input type="checkbox"/> #32 (\$1.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> #41 (\$1.00) |

EERIE BACK ISSUE DEPT.
P.O. BOX 430, MURRAY HILL STATION
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

I enclose \$_____ for back issues.
No orders shipped outside the U.S. except by air.

VAMPI'S LANDING

PROFILE: RAFAEL AURA LEON



Self-portrait of Aura Leon, whose work appears in this issue on the inside front cover, "The Story of Archival."

Comics artist Rafael Aura Leon, better known as Aureleon, has been working for the Warren line of magazines since his appearance in *Eerie* #37. He illustrated the magazine's "The Ones Who Stole It From You." He also has a 6-page story in the current *Eerie*, #40, titled "Pity the Grave Digger."

Although he has been drawing professionally since 1955, his ambition is to become an even greater artist. "One can never do enough to

polish the craft," he says.

Although he greatly admires the work of Alex Toth (6-pages of which appear in the *Eerie* 1972 Anniversary—ed.), Aureleon says that he has been influenced by a great many artists, both American and European.

A movie fan, the 33-year-old artist believes that comic art sometimes suffers from an over-abundance of text and dialogue. "Comic art should primarily be a medium of expression. Excess caption and balloon material tend to hinder that expression rather than help it. Often, text and art are at odds when they shouldn't be."

Asked what is good about comics and could be made even better, he says that honesty and sincerity between artist, writer and editor produce top comic work without that cohesiveness, the work feels, no matter how good the writing or how great the artwork.

Future stories to be illustrated by Aureleon will include a 5-page epic titled "Won't Get Fooled Again" by Douglas Moench, author of "Death in The Shadows" on p. 34.



A sampling of the work of artist Aureleon from "The Ones Who Stole It From You," the murder epic from *Eerie* #37.

REFLECTIONS OF THE DEAD

By Robert R. Arbetnot

The tree, a black stalk, a bit of stable anemone from the demonic flesh of earth. An extension of awe with gnarled limbs like beehiving fingers, beseeching souls to leech its

knowledge through the blood of harvest. The grass, a rich man's carpet, the demise of most. I departed while living, and flowers went unseen. And now I have a sucking roof at the bottom of my soul, and pray that the tree will lift me to the sun I never knew. ■

Fan Phyllis R. Seaman of Greensboro, N.C. contributes this little tale of war titled, . . .

THE END!

By P. R. Seaman

The body quavered slightly as the heart resumed its normal function. Alive again! Blood coursing through his veins once more!

"Heartbeat almost normal." He was content, listening to the bustling interns about him. "Well! Heartbeat's going. Dropping fast!"

No! he heard himself shout. But there was no one to hear. You can't let the body die now! Not now! Please, Dear God, not now! Only the screaming in his eyes. The fear scribbled on his face.

"Quickly. An electric shock. We've got no time to lose!"

Though he was aware of the shouting and hurrying, the efforts directed on his behalf, he could not yet feel what the body felt.

His mind screaming. What was that? No! You can't take the body back! Fight! I must fight! It's mine! The savage pulsations ceased. For the moment, he had won.

"Heartbeat still dropping." Keep fighting! Dear God, keep fighting! You can't stop now! I've waited so long for a body. I can't lose now. Not now! Not when I've come so close! His thoughts wandered. He remembered the past and the body he originally had before it died and he found himself lost among countless thousands, also-waited bodies.

His search endured the centuries but proved futile. Then, almost without hope, he chanced upon a car accident and the body of a young man killed in his prime. Time to find a body had almost run out. With luck, the miracles of modern medicine could restore the body to life. After all, it wasn't damaged that much. "Heartbeat's picking up, doctor!"

It's going to live! Suddenly then, his eyes fluttered, they opened. "Doctor..." he asked.

"Yes, son. You had a close call that time. . . ."

"Doctor, I can't remember who I am. . . ." He said.

"Your name is Adam Steel," Adam learned his head and smiled faintly. He knew the body's lifespan wasn't long but he had another 500 years until he had to search for another. ■

THE LAST ROOM

By Mark Collins
Orange, New Jersey

Jan shuddered, not that he was cold; it was just the sound of another blood-curdling scream from the hallway. Here was Jans 094007. One small, minute particle in the vastness of penal colony Omega, Post Term Solar System.

"094007, report to Room A!"

Jan almost jumped out of his skin. What happened? He caught hold of himself, hoping that he could work this new eventuality into his long-range plans to alter the system. He walked through Punishment Hall. On Omega, if you committed a crime, part of you was eliminated, such as an arm or leg. Even the brain in some cases. The limb was then put on display for all to see, some how through scientific means, kept alive. One limb had been kept alive for twenty-five years of unfeeling Hell. Jan broke into a cold sweat as he entered the room of horrors. A plump man wheeled himself around to face Jan from his swivel chair. He looked harsh a moment and then his gaze softened.

"Let me see," he said. "Ah. . . 094007. As you know, there have been some skirmishes between my soldiers and some of the more testy inmates like yourself. All this bloodshed could be ended quickly. How? By working for me, 094007." Jan stared at this man before him on his swivel chair, number one, the chief of the section. He moved fast, slamming his fist against number one's forehead.

Minutes later, after he left number one strapped to an operating table, one limb in an environmental jar, Jan walked off, a free man. ■



Inkwell drawing of VAMPI by Jose delgado from Nashville, Michigan reader DAVE CARRIGAN.



Ink sketch of VAMPIRELLA in profile and full view was done by Sergeant THOMAS J. GOLASSI, presently stationed overseas.

REVENGE OF THE DEAD

By Jim Mortimer

They are upon her. It is far to those hell barbaric people even though Amanda screams in agonizing torment that it isn't. She has been picked in the lottery and now must meet death, the people's future existence depends on it. If no one is killed, the harvest will fail.

Amanda turns and tries to escape, but it is in vain. Hands that feel like steel talons grasp at her flesh and throw her to the cobblestone. She feels her arms and legs to no avail.

She pulls herself from the road and again attempts to escape the ravenous crowd. A rock hits her head. Once more her body meets the dark ground as scores more descend upon her frail form.

Her shrill screams knife through the air. Amanda pleads with her assailants to halt, but the shower of rocks continue to pelt her, tearing through flesh and breaking bone.

As she lays in an accumulating pool of blood, her cries merge with sparse words. "It isn't fair! There will be justice. I will get revenge!"

Amanda dies as her last mortal words dissipate and one by one, the people are compelled to depart from the murder scene. They do not leave because of Amanda's pleas, they did not pay any attention to it. If they had, they do not comprehend what she said. It was her voice, so cold and utterly distorted, it was almost inhuman.

The street is deserted except

for the body and two men who are to dispose of it.

A cast-iron coffin is brought alongside and the mutilated corpse placed inside. The coffin is then taken to the town cemetery and buried in a reserved plot for such victims of this devastating occurrence. But the lottery is not over.

Soon after dark, there is a disturbance in the graveyard. The sound of splintering wood comes from inside the earth and echoes through the surrounding area as the ground in which the lottery victims are buried erupts. Destroying forms rise up out of the soil, stumbling forward to complete a task that should have been carried out years before. No, the lottery is not over. The victims await!

THE SECOND AGE

By Bob Siegel
San Jose, Ca.

A bolt of lightning hit the one engine plane. Janet Robbins, the pilot and only occupant, held firm to the controls. The suddenness of the storm had surprised her. The controls started working by themselves and in panic, she donned a parachute. Minutes later, she was on the ground, a short distance from the scattered wreckage of the plane. The surroundings looked ancient as if she had entered a time warp. Then she found a time capsule and started screaming. She had entered earth's second stone age.

"QUAVERING SHADOWS"

(Continued from page 5)

They are syntheses of two disparate elements: Words. And pictures. Combine these words and pictures and you've got a comic strip at least and an effective synergism at best.

My story would have lacked a depth of perception had it been presented in words alone. Similarly, Jose Ben's artwork (when considered from a story-telling aspect) would have been incomplete without my words. But together, I'd like to divide myself into thinking we've created something superior to that which each of us have had to offer separately.

Advance reports on QUAVERING SHADOWS (from my circle of friends and acquaintances) have ranged from praise to condescension. It's been called "beautiful... very effective." And it's been ridiculed, viz: "Too long, captions unacceptably pretentious... as if written by a madman or an author of a the-

seats..." Defense, at this point, is my prerogative. The verbosity of the captions and the narrative obscurity were conscious endeavors on my part to imbue the story with an "old-timey" feel—the kind you get from Ambrose Bierce or H. P. Lovecraft. You know, the creepy-crawly, beasties burrowing-in-the-night type of thing. The author of the tale was a dignified, articulate English country gentleman, a product of times when the printed word only lasted at television's wasteland in the absurd science fiction of Wells and Verne.

Now, if only television would take advantage of its accessibility to synergism—after all, it is a medium sharing the attributes of comic strips, words and visuals. And it has the benefit of moving pictures to boot. But I'll stick with my comic strips any time...



Nightmarish view of a pair of eyes confronting a hat was drawn by fan DRANT WITHERS, whose fan art appeared in Earls #38

VAMPIRELLA WANTS YOUR ART & STORIES!

Like to have one of your drawings published? Or a story you've written? It's easy! Just send your work to VAMPIRELLA! Do it now!

Address your work to:
VAMPIRE FLAMES
c/o Werne
Publishing Co
145 East 32nd St
N.Y. NY 10016





PROLOGUE
WARRE CHAMBERS
AWOKE.



A METAL RING
ABOUT HIS NECK...



CLAP CLAP
CLAP
...HE HEARD CLAPP-
INGS, HE HEARD
STRANGE WORDS...



EMMANA
CATLATHUA!
SABBOTH!
...ROBED FIGURES WERE
STANDING AROUND HIM
IN A CIRCLE, CHANTING
AND CLAPPING...



CHLUNTHUA!
THEIR STRANGE WORDS...
THEIR STRANGE CEREMONY--



EMMANA! SABBOTH!
SOMEHOW CAUSING THE RING
TO SHRINK--



SABBOTH!
--AND SHRINK....



SABBOTH!



EMMANA! SABBOTH!



AARRGGG SHHH!



CHLUNTHUA!
SABBOTH!
CHLUNTHUA!

YOU'VE HEARD OF RING AROUND THE COLLAR AND HERE'S A STORY WITH A FAMILIAR RING....

THE WEDDING RING



9:30 P.M. ROGER STEPPED OFF THE BUS...

SUITCASE IN HAND...

STRANGE! I THOUGHT BERNIE WOULD MEET ME AT THE BERTON!... OH, WELL, HE GOT HELD UP!

HE WALKED FROM THE BUS STATION, PAST THE SMALL SHOPS AND THEATRES, THROUGH THE MILLING CROWD OF LATE SHOPPERS AND LATE THEATRE GOERS.

ANYWAY, THE WALK WILL DO ME GOOD! HELP CLEAR OUT THE OLD COBWEBS!

ANYWAY, BERNIE'S HOUSE ISN'T THAT FAR OFF!



WOW! IT'LL BE GREAT TO SEE BERNIE—AFTER ALL THESE YEARS AND CLAIRE, TOO!

I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE LIKE NOW AND IF THEY'VE CHANGED.

IMAGINE--THE TWO OF THEM--MARRIED!



I NEVER THOUGHT IT'D BE POSSIBLE THAT BERNIE COULD EVER FIND A GIRL WHO'D MARRY HIM!

OR THAT CLAIRE WOULD EVER MARRY ANYONE! LEAST OF ALL, BERNIE!

GOOD OLD BERNIE!



TO THINK THAT I WENT WITH CLARE FOR OVER TWO YEARS!


SHE WAS ALWAYS SO COLD—SO DISTANT! AFTER TWO SOLID YEARS, I STILL HAD A HARD TIME GETTING HER TO KISS ME GOODNIGHT! LET ALONE ANYTHING ELSE!

WELL, SHE MUST HAVE FINALLY BROKEN DOWN!

HIS THOUGHTS DRIFTED BACK TO COLLEGE DAYS. HIS INFATUATION WITH CLARE THOMPSON...

I DON'T GET IT! I'VE CONSIDERED A REAL LOVER! I'VE HAD NEARLY EVERY GIRL ON CAMPUS! THEY ALL LUST AFTER ME, THEY CAN'T HELP IT!

YET I CAN'T SEEM TO GET ANYWHERE WITH THE ONE GIRL I REALLY WANT!




HIS ROOMMATE, BERNIE CHAMBERS, A REAL LOSER, DISGUSTING HABITS, COULD NEVER GET A DATE, USED TO SIT AROUND ALL DAY BROODING OVER GRADES...

AFTER GRADUATION, THE THREE OF THEM WENT THEIR SEPARATE WAYS, ROSER NEVER HEARD FROM EITHER OF THEM AGAIN...



...UNTIL JUST A MONTH AGO. HE WAS TRULY SHOCKED WHEN HE RECEIVED THE WEDDING INVITATION.



UNFORTUNATELY, AN IMPORTANT BUSINESS TRIP KEPT HIM FROM ATTENDING THE CEREMONY...NOW HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO THEIR HOME...

WELL THIS IS THE STREET!

NOW TO FIND NUMBER 36! MUST BE DOWN THIS WAY! SOMEWHERE! PEOPLE ALWAYS HIDE THE NUMBERS ON THE DOOR!



THERE! THAT'S THE PLACE OVER THERE!

HEY! THAT LOOKS LIKE--

ROGER! I... I MUST TALK TO YOU!

SCREEECH!



CLAIRE! YOU LOOK EVER! BUT--

PLEASE, ROGER! YOU'VE GOT TO LEAVE! GO BACK TO THE BUS STATION--NOW PLEASE!



YOU NEVER SHOULD HAVE BEEN INVITED HERE! PLEASE!

I INVITED YOU IN A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS!... BUT THEY FOUND OUT ABOUT IT! THEY...THEY'RE WAITING FOR YOU!

WHY? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? YOU'RE UPSET, WHAT'S WRONG? I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS.



NO! DON'T ASK QUESTIONS! JUST LEAVE! YOU MUST!

BERNIE ISN'T HERE! HE'S GONE! AND..... AND I....

GONE? WHERE'D HE GO?

CLARE, PLEASE--- GET A HOLD OF YOURSELF! YOU'RE GETTING YOURSELF ALL WORKED UP--- AND PROBABLY OVER NOTHING!



C'MON! LET'S GO INSIDE, INVITE ME IN FOR A DRINK! THEN WE CAN TALK THIS OVER!

BUT--

NO! NO! BUTS! YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A DRINK! YOU NEED SOMETHING TO CALM DOWN!

SHE GREW STRANGELY SILENT AS THEY ENTERED THE HOUSE. ROGER SAW THE LIQUOR CABINET AND WALKED TOWARD IT, THEN...



ROGER,
I...I...

HERE! HAVE YOUR DRINK IN PEACE, OKAY? THEN YOU CAN TALK! BUT TAKE IT SLOW!

THIS IS A NICE PLACE YOU HAVE HERE! BERNIE MUST BE DOING PRETTY WELL FOR HIMSELF...



NOW WHAT'S THIS ABOUT BERNIE BEING GONE? DOES HIS WORK TAKE HIM AWAY? HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN GONE?



ABOUT TWO WEEKS!

WHAT? YOU MEAN HE LEFT RIGHT AFTER YOU WERE MARRIED???

YES...IN A WAY!



WELL, THEN HE WASN'T HERE WHEN YOU INVITED ME FOR A WEEKEND!

YES! I NEEDED YOU! I WANTED YOU!

BUT NOW, IT'S ALL CHANGED! THEY FOUND OUT THAT I INVITED YOU HERE! AND--



OH, I SEE! IF I STAY HERE TONIGHT, PEOPLE WILL TALK! YOUR REPUTATION WILL BE QUESTIONED!

OKAY, OKAY! SAY NO MORE! I'LL LEAVE AS SOON AS I FINISH MY DRINK!



THEN, AS THEY STOOD THERE...THE TWO OF THEM, ALONE.... THAT OLD FEELING RETURNED...

THIS IS MY CHANCE! NOW THAT SHE'S BECOME A WOMAN!... SHE STILL DESIRES ME. I KNOW IT!

BESIDES, SHE SAID SHE NEEDED ME...



HE SAW A DARKENED ROOM AND PUSHED HER TOWARD IT!

NO, ROGER, YOU MISTAK!

PLEASE, ROGER! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU ARE! YOU DON'T KNOW THE DANGER!

YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT OUR BELIEFS HERE! HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED ANYTHING YET? DOESN'T ANYTHING SEEM WRONG TO YOU?



IT WAS ALL RIGHT WITH BERNIE! HE WAS LOATHSOME... DISGUSTING! BUT NOT YOU, ROGER! I LOVED YOU! I ALWAYS LOVED YOU! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?



BUT HE WASN'T LISTENING TO HER. SHE WAS BARRING INSANELY ANYWAY. INSTEAD HE CONTINUED TO PUSH TOWARD THE ROOM...

IT'S OKAY, CLAIRE... IT'S OKAY.



SOMETIME LATER IN THE UNFAMILIAR DARKENED BEDROOM, AS ROGER SEARCHED FOR CIGARETTES, HE HEARD A STRANGE SOUND...

WHAT'S GOING ON? THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE... IN THIS ROOM!

I... I TRIED TO HARM YOU, ROGER! I... I'M SORRY!



ROGER MORRIS AWAKE...



A METAL RING AROUND HIS NECK...



HE HEARD CLAPPING AND THE CHANTING OF STRANGE WORDS. A GROUP OF WOMEN WERE STANDING AROUND HIM, AND CLAPPING...



THEIR STRANGE WORDS... THEIR STRANGE CEREMONY... SOMEHOW CAUSING THE RING TO SHRINK....





SUBSCRIBE!

If your newsstand's out of **VAMPI**, it may not be their fault! Maybe you just waited too long to buy one! Why not subscribe!

FILL OUT THE COUPON NOW!

CHECK MAGAZINES ORDERING:

VAMPIRELLA

- 7 Issues \$ 5.50
 14 Issues \$10.00

ERIE

- 7 Issues \$ 5.50
 14 Issues \$10.00

CREEPY

- 7 Issues \$ 5.50
 14 Issues \$10.00

FAMOUS MONSTERS

- 7 Issues \$ 5.50
 14 Issues \$10.00

I ENCLOSE \$ _____ FOR A

ISSUE SUBSCRIPTION TO _____
MAGAZINE AS INDICATED ABOVE

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

IN CANADA, AND OUTSIDE THE U.S.,
PLEASE ADD \$1.50 TO ALL RATES.
MAIL TO: WARREN PUBLISHING CO.,
145 E. 32ND ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018



PREVIEW OF THE NEXT ISSUE OF VAMPIRELLA



DRACULA STILL LIVES

The return of the Transylvanian Count as he tests the very heart and soul of Vampirella.

ALSO

WON'T GET FOOLED AGAIN!

Isolated, brooding, and defiant, the ancient mansion stood, waiting as if a thing alive!

PLUS

Another classic story of "TOMB OF THE GODS" by Mareto.



KALL



A haunting tale of the maiden become Goddess in death! The native girl Kall captured by the servants of the mad magician Calligor and prepared as an unholy, unwitting sacrifice!

VAMPI-FY YOUR NEWSSTAND

Are you sure Double Ending covers, ERIE, VAMPIRELLA or FAMOUS MONSTERS at your newsstand? Showing your boss because you fear the last copy sold out? Just fill out the coupon below and send it to us TODAY! The problem will be taken care of and we'll thank you from the bottom of our black beds tonight!

WHICH MAGAZINES CAN'T YOU FIND?

NAME OF STORE OR NEWSSTAND _____

STORE OR NEWSSTAND'S ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Mail Coupon To: Newsstand Dept.
WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY
145 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10018

BEHIND THIS COVER

Super August issue! Art by Gonzalez! Auraleon! Mandel Sterns by Doug Menuez! E. Cobby Brennan!

VAMPIRELLA



ON SALE JUNE 13

